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The Ambiguous Year

IT is doubtful whether—at least since 1938—there has been a year so ambiguous as 1951. No doubt, a generation from now, historians with the glorious gift of hindsight will be complaining how blind we were not to realise, as the months went on, that our inexorable and obvious fate had been sealed. But as 1951 ends, that fate is far from obvious, and two quite different interpretations of it are being made. The prophets of Atlantic Union—Sebastian Haffner's article in last Sunday's *Observer* is a good example of this kind of soothsaying—are already describing 1951 as another Hinge of Fate, the year when the free world at last accepted the challenge of Russian military strength, and the U.S.A., with far-sighted magnanimity, brought Germany and Japan into the grand anti-Communist alliance, so shifting the balance of power in favour of freedom and democracy. In this perspective the Conservative victory last October and the return of Mr. Churchill to Downing Street stand out as a providential dispensation, which removed the Labour Government—the last weak obstacle standing in the way of far-sighted American statesmanship.

It would be pleasant to accept this vision of the future. But it is far more probable that the historian who looks back on our times will see 1951 in a less favourable light. It began—as we tend conveniently to forget—in an atmosphere of near panic, occasioned by the rout of the United Nations armies at the Yalu River, a rout due not to Russian aggression but to the headstrong and provocative strategy of General MacArthur. Out of that panic grew the gigantic new Defence programmes agreed at Brussels, and the inflation which in twelve months largely destroyed six years of European recovery. Meanwhile the Korean and Indo-Chinese wars continued to drain the military strength of the U.S.A. and old trouble in Malaya combined with new trouble in Egypt did the same for Britain. This was the first peacetime year in British history when we had eleven divisions overseas and consumed over ten per cent of our national income in armaments.

Did this vast display of military strength increase our influence in the councils of the nations? On the contrary. The most striking fact about 1951 was the unbalance it revealed between the American economy and that of the rest of the non-Communist world. This unbalance had, of course, been evident ever since 1945; but Marshall Aid had done much to redress it. Atlantic rearmament had exactly the reverse effect. It added strength to the strong, but made the weak even weaker than before, aggravating all the underlying distortions, destroying the prospect of economic independence for Britain and, ironically enough, transferring many of our most valuable export markets to the as yet unburdened economies of America's new allies, Germany and Japan. In short, 1951 may well be remembered in history as the first year of the American Empire. Brought in to redress the balance of the Old World, the New World overtipped the scales.

Mr. Churchill's Broadcast

Mr. Churchill's broadcast last Saturday, if somewhat unseasonable, at least conformed to pattern. Once again he appealed for national unity and an end of party faction. But this appeal was only a prelude to a ferociously partisan attack on the Labour Government, which was labelled as the real criminal responsible for the latest ration cuts and price increases announced by the Ministry of Food. One need not take any of this too seriously. During the election Lord Woolton made a number of unwise suggestions (we are now assured that they were not promises) about the likelihood of improved food supplies in the event of a Conservative victory. In politics the best method of defence is attack, and it is natural therefore for the Prime Minister to blame his predecessor for Lord Woolton's inability to make his suggestions come true. More significant was Mr. Churchill's emphatic statement that the country needs three years of stable Government without electoral fever, and his appeal that he and his colleagues should be given a fair chance to show what they can do to put things right after six years of Labour rule.

There is no doubt that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden would both like a coalition, if it were possible, in order to carry through the drastic economies and cuts in the standard of living which rearmament on the promised scale demands. Since they know that this is impossible, they are determined to leave nothing undone in order to conciliate organised labour. But Mr. Churchill can hardly expect the Parliamentary Labour Party to collaborate in putting through the cuts which he plans in the social services, with the restoration of the bankers as the arbiters of financial policy. The real political battle will begin when he announces his

emergency measures in February and it will culminate in the Budget debates. Whatever Mr. Churchill may say, he knows perfectly well that an Opposition, which obtained more votes than the Government party, must maintain an atmosphere of election fever in Parliament. The reasonable interpretation, therefore, of his broadcast, is that he is warning Mr. Attlee and his colleagues that, unless they accept the Defence Estimates and the Budget with patriotic self-restraint they must face the electoral consequences. Indeed, it is not far-fetched to suggest that this broadcast is the strongest tip we have yet had that the Prime Minister is considering the possibility of a snap election early next year on the issue of national unity against party faction.

Deadline Postponed

It is all to the good that Washington should have authorised General Ridgway to extend for another 30 days the period in which the provisional agreement on the demarcation of the "cease-fire" line may last. As we go to press, there are no signs that the obstacles in the way of a complete truce—the Communist insistence on the right to repair airfields, and the American claim to "rotate" their divisions —are less than they were a week ago. But the prolongation of the "deadline" at least makes it unlikely that large-scale fighting will be resumed for the time being: the negotiators still have a chance.

The Proof of Loyalty

Mr. John Service, a U.S. career diplomat who has been one of the main targets of Senator McCarthy's attacks, has now been dismissed. His dismissal came after his seventh loyalty check, in which the President's Loyalty Review Board decided that there was "reasonable doubt" about his loyalty, though Mr. Service had survived six previous investigations by the State Department. These all arose from the wartime *Amerasia* case, when Mr. Service was said to have passed over "classified" documents from the State Department to the magazine's editor. Little came of the case at the time, though the editor was fined; but the *Amerasia* group has been persistently denounced by Chiang Kai-shek's American supporters. It was, they say, part of the Communist apparatus which subverted the State Department to a "pro-Communist" China policy. Naturally, Mr. Service's association with this episode has been used by the witch-hunters to "prove" their tortuous argument.

But it has not been taken as proof of his disloyalty at any of the six investigations he has already endured. And to secure his dismissal, it has been necessary to make a subtle but vital change in the official criterion for judging "disloyalty." Whereas President Truman's original order of 1947, establishing the loyalty programme, specified that there must be "reasonable grounds" for believing a man is disloyal, the new ruling is that "reasonable doubt" about him is sufficient. This clearly shifts the onus of proving loyalty on to the accused—a very difficult task, and one which goes right against the traditional assumption of innocence. It is true, of course, that loyalty clearances are not legal trials and that the only sanction is loss of official employment. But, under present U.S. conditions, a man thus dismissed is branded and may find real difficulty in finding other work. Apart from Mr. Service, there are some 565 other officials previously passed by loyalty boards, but whose cases must now be reviewed under the new definition. This shift of principle is a bad sign, and it emphasises once again the dangers inherent in the loyalty programme, so ably demonstrated by Mr. Alan Barth in *The Loyalty of Free Men*, reviewed on page 761.

Territorial Waters

The decision by the International Court in the 16-year-old dispute between Britain and Norway on the definition of "territorial waters" was an unpleasant Christmas present for trawler owners in Grimsby and Hull. Crudely, the Court has ruled that "nationality" on the sea may be held to extend, not merely (as Britain argued) three miles from the low-water mark of the nearest land, but three miles beyond "base lines" running from headland to headland. The effect, obviously, is to reserve as "national" large stretches of good fishing waters in firths, deep bays and the like. From the British standpoint, the Norwegian haddock grounds are not of first importance; but the principle now established would be very awkward if applied to the fertile cod fisheries round the coast of Iceland. It would, of course, enable Britain to reserve against foreign fishermen large stretches of waters in the North-western Approaches; but, for the moment, unless the Icelanders make a move, the British Government's attitude is likely to be one of masterly inaction.

Penal Sanctions

During a High Court action in January, 1948, Mr. Leonard Gill, a motor salesman, gave the judge an undertaking that he would not deal improperly in cars supplied under covenant. Eighteen months later, he was sent to prison for a breach of that undertaking, and released, after a few weeks, because he apologised and renewed the promise. Last week Mr. Justice Roxburgh sent him to prison again for a further breach—he had bought a new Standard car for £250 above the list price.

In effect, these are imprisonments for contempt of court; and we imply neither criticism of the judge's action nor approval of Mr. Gill's when we say that the procedure is a deeply disturbing development in the use of penal sanctions to enforce trade restrictions. A man sentenced for contempt of court has no right of appeal. He is not entitled to trial by jury. His sentence is indeterminate, depending on the discretion of the judge as to its adequacy in teaching him a lesson, and the apparent contrition of his eventual apology. Mr. Gill was brought before a purely civil court in the Chancery Division, at the instance of the British Motor Trade Association; and there is little reassurance in the undisputed fact that he fully understood the risks he was running. If this conduct is to be punishable by imprisonment, it should have the status of a criminal offence made statutory by Parliament after proper debate, and attended with all the usual safeguards of indictment, trial by jury (or at least the option of it), and full right of appeal against conviction and sentence.

Miners' Pensions and Manpower

A correspondent writes: The National Coal Board, heartened momentarily by the high output of the pre-Christmas "bull" weeks, is doubtless hoping, on a longer view, that manpower will be attracted to the mines—or at least that the disquieting drift away from the pits will be checked —by the recent wage increases, which bring the minimum rate underground to just over £7 a week and that for surface workers to just over £6. On the other hand, fears are being expressed in some quarters that thousands of older men may leave the pits, after the New Year, upon reaching pensionable age.

Such fears seem groundless, or at least exaggerated. The new pensions scheme which comes into force on January 1 is important as recognizing a new principle in the industry; but the rates of pension at present offered are too meagre to be a powerful magnet. A miner aged 47 or over who now joins the pensions scheme pays 1/6 a week, and works steadily until 65, will receive, at best, 10/- a week. Should a lad of 18 be persuaded to join, he will receive, at the age of 65, if his attendance has been impeccable, the maximum award of 30/- a week; but to secure this his average number of shifts per year will have to have reached 312. In the immediate future, all that the 20,000 miners of pensionable age in the industry have waiting for them, if they retire, is 10/- per week in addition to the State pension. All but the most ailing and infirm will prefer to stay on and enjoy the new wage increases.

On the other hand, it is doubtful if the pension scheme, in its present form, will do much to stimulate recruitment for the pits. The coal miner is nobody's fool and realises the implications of continued inflation; he knows that in thirty or forty years' time, 30s. may buy only a few cigarettes. Is there any insuperable objection to revising the scheme, so that the rate of pension would be, not a cash sum fixed to-day, but a percentage of the average wage in the industry at the time of retirement? Such a modification of the scheme would do much to create confidence in it among the miners.

Even so, pensions alone would probably be insufficient to offset the influence which most frequently persuades a miner to quit the pits—his own or his wife's fear that he may be killed or injured and his dependants forced below the poverty line. As matters stand, these fears are certainly justified from the standpoint of income. Suppose two men are involved in an accident: both will receive 45s. a week benefit for a period of twenty-six weeks if they are unable to work. After that, they are "assessed." If one is totally disabled he will continue to receive 45s. a week. Suppose the other's disablement is assessed as 20 per cent., he will get 9s. a week. These figures are in sharp contrast to earnings while at work.

It is the drift from the mines of the men in the 20-35 year age group that it is most important to arrest. Why should not the N.C.B., in conjunction with the N.U.M. and the Treasury, evolve a specially favourable contributory life and injury insurance policy which could be taken out by face workers earning big money? Large premiums could be paid by the miner during his maximum earning years and smaller ones afterwards. If a scheme could be devised to bring the weekly income of a miner incapacitated by injury or sickness to something like what he was earning while at work, the most potent deterrent to recruiting for the pits would be removed.

New Deal for Nationalisers

WHEN the Labour Party took office in 1945, its programme had two main elements—nationalisation and the development of the social services. Foreign policy it had none—that is, none that had been thought out in realistic terms; but about these two aspects of home policy its leaders had thought to some purpose. They did what they promised, with the result that more than a tenth of the national product is now being made under conditions of public ownership and a greatly increased portion of the national income is being either spent on public health and educational services or paid out in pensions and allowances to those who need them most.

The Party is legitimately proud of these accomplished reforms. There is, however, a great deal of uncertainty about what it would have gone on to do next, if it had been again returned to office and about what it ought to do when it comes back. With this uncertainty go doubts whether, in either of the two main fields of action, continuance along the lines hitherto followed is even desirable, save to a limited extent. In respect of the social services this dubiety is mainly about the practicability of advancing much further without a large increase in the size of the cake available for sharing out. In the field of nationalisation, it is a matter of suspecting that the Labour planners did not get their answers quite right, even in relation to the industries already taken over.

Among the elements which make up Labour's political backing, the eleven million Co-operators constitute a very large section, but one which played hardly any part in working out the policies which the Labour Government set out to apply. Few of these eleven millions thought of themselves primarily as Co-operators: most even of the active minority thought more as trade unionists, or as Socialists, or simply as members of the working class. Those who were active, as officials or as laymen, in running the Co-operative Societies were not for the most part very politically minded; nor did the Labour Party's policies seem to touch them nearly, as Co-operators, save at a few points. There was no question of the Co-operative Movement taking over the coal mines, or the railways, or the Bank of England, or civil aviation, or the steel industry—or, indeed, any of the services that were nationalised between 1945 and 1951. There was no reason for Co-operators to worry about what was to happen afterwards as long as there was plenty for the Labour Government to do without touching on any substantial section of Co-operative enterprise.

The Labour Party's proposal to put nationalisation of insurance into its programme for the 1950 Election brought this indifference to an abrupt end. The Co-operative leaders saw their interests threatened and they reacted promptly: the Co-operative Union came out with a report in which it staked out firmly its claim to be consulted in future before the Labour Party committed itself to any further measures of socialisation. This statement also made formal the view that Co-operative, equally with nationalised, enterprises should be regarded as satisfying the requirements of socialised control, but gave hardly any hint of the means by which the Co-operative Movement proposed to occupy the extended field which it claimed for itself in the economy of the future.

So matters were left for the time; but now the Co-operative Party, which is a section both within the Co-operative Movement and within the Parliamentary Labour Party, has begun on an attempt to face the future in a more constructive way.* Its Executive is to lay before its coming Conference the outline of a policy in which nationalisation appears as only one among a number of means of socialising industry, and a positive set of claims is made for Co-operation in both its main forms—that is, for producers' as well as for consumers' Co-operation. At the same time the case for municipal and regional, as against exclusively national, public enterprise is clearly stated; and the drafters of the report, while giving wholehearted approval in general terms to what the Labour Party has done, are strongly critical both of the undue tendency towards centralisation shown in its Nationalisation Acts and of the failure to give either the workers in the nationalised industries or the consumers of their products any real say.

Thus, the Co-operative Party's report favours the severance of distribution from generation in the case of electricity and urges that local government reform is needed to create regional agencies capable of taking an effective share in the control of industry. It presses for both improved consumers' representation and more real participation in control by the workers. Realising the difficulties in the way of creating agencies capable of representing the consumers industry by industry, it very sensibly suggests the creation of special consumers' agencies to operate over the whole field of nationalised enterprise. It calls for the making available of public capital to further the establishment of Co-operative factories, on the lines of what has been done already to help private industry, particularly in the Special Areas. It argues that there are only a few more industries, such as shipbuilding and chemicals, to which the present forms of nationalisation can be suitably applied, and that in most other industries there is no case for setting up a single, monopolistic body, but ample room for diversity and even for certain forms of competition within a general framework of public planning. For example, it advocates a re-fashioning of the building industry with public authorities (national and local) and Co-operative agencies working side by side; and it favours for flour milling a form of organisation that would allow the Co-operative mills to retain their position within a general structure of socialisation. It further proposes that certain services, such as the distribution of milk and bread, could be handed over under licence, nationally or locally, to Co-operative enterprise, and that in certain others, such as the docks, there is plenty of room for Workers' Co-partnerships of the kind that have been used for a long time past for many forms of public contracting in France and Italy.

In this report, the Co-operative section of the Labour Party has for the first time formulated a constructive programme. It is not yet by any means fully worked out; but the essentials are there. Moreover, this programme fits in opportunely with ideas that have been developing in many other quarters. Most Socialists and most active trade unionists are deeply dissatisfied with "Morrisonian nationalisation," or at all events will agree that it cannot be used to handle the problems of most of the industries still in capitalist hands. They too are looking for something less bureaucratic, less centralised, more responsive to the needs and attitudes of the main bodies of producers and consumers—in a word, more socialistic, in the sense in which Socialism is as much a matter of libertarian idealism as of the mass machinery of collectivisation. On the basis now suggested, Socialists, Co-operators and trade unionists—who are, of course, largely overlapping categories—can work together at formulating a realistic programme of further socialisation, and can hope to achieve a much larger measure of human satisfaction than is possible through a mere multiplication of National Boards operating vast monopolistic structures. Working out such a programme will take time and a great deal of hard thinking, especially in finding the right ways of co-ordinating the various kinds of enterprise within the same industry and in reconciling their claims to freedom with the general requirements of national planning and investment policies. But the Co-operative Party's draft gives this process of formulation a welcome start.

* *The People's Industry: A Statement on Social Ownership, by the National Committee of the Co-operative Party.* Published by the Co-operative Party, 56 Victoria St., London, S.W.1. Price 8*d*.

France Takes the Plunge

FEW parliaments in the world waste so much time on secondary matters as the French National Assembly. During the past year months were spent in arguing, first, electoral reform, and then the State grants to church schools. It was not until the discussion of the Schuman Plan, just before Christmas, that the Assembly—for the first time since the elections—staged a debate which was in the grand style, and was highly significant of the various trends of thought in France. Ultimately, by 377 votes to 235, the Assembly took "the plunge into the unknown"—to quote that worthy European gentleman, M. Van Zeeland—but the arguments used, and the misgivings expressed, are perhaps worth recalling. The Plan, after all, is going to affect Britain deeply—even though she is not a member.

There is no doubt that, in the early stages of the debate, the offensive conducted against the Plan by the Gaullists and Communists was supported by a large number of Right-wing Deputies representing the French employers, particularly the steel magnates of Lorraine. It was backed, too, by others who had been impressed by strongly "anti-Boche" speeches like that of General Aumeran, and had the uncomfortable feeling that conditions to-day were radically different from what they were in May, 1950, when the Schuman Plan was first launched upon the world. As one speaker put it, "It may have sounded revolutionary then, but one has to choose one's right moment for revolutions." To-day, many felt, the Schuman Plan was mixed up

with too many other things, and was inseparable from the problem of German rearmament. In short, there were a thousand and one objections to the Plan in present conditions. Yet the Pleven Government was determined to get it ratified; and when there was some danger that it might not be, American influence and coaxing made themselves felt in all sorts of direct and indirect ways. Finally, the wobblers decided that it was better not to make Uncle Sam and Uncle Ike angry. As for the industrialists, they appear to have received some private assurances from the U.S. that their interests would, as far as possible, be defended.

One need not dwell too much on the Communist tirades against the plan; Duclos and others went out of their way to make France's flesh creep with apocalyptic visions of millions of French "slaves" being deported to Germany, after the Supra-national Authority and the U.S. had turned the Ruhr into something so gigantic that the French coal and steel industries were completely ruined. The Government denied that there was any such danger, and argued that the High Authority, the Assembly and the Court constituted sufficient safeguards. Moreover, they urged that the Plan had three big advantages: it would supply France with badly needed coal and coke and perhaps even turn Lorraine into "a second Ruhr"; it would add to "the radiance and prestige" of France; and the Ruhr, instead of being an arsenal of German imperialism, would become "an organ of European vitality." To gild the gingerbread, a lot was said about Briand, the "pilgrim of Peace"; and M. Gouin, for the Socialists, became so lyrical about it all that he even quoted Victor Hugo, and said that the Schuman Plan was like the first rays of dawn over those United States of Europe Hugo had dreamed of more than a hundred years ago.

Magnificent! But it was all a little too simple, and the Government was rather on edge throughout the debate. After all, even if the Foreign Affairs Committee had approved of the Schuman Plan, the Defence Committee had not, and its spokesman, M. Loustanau-Lacau, declared:

> Are we to put our key industries at the mercy of a High Authority, in which France is in a minority? By ratifying the Schuman Plan you also automatically agree to the creation of a European Army. The Defence Committee is opposed to scrapping our national army. . . .

There were other, more precise, objections. One was that the Adenauer Government would not last long, in any case, and was certainly not qualified to commit Germany to a course of action under a particularly inelastic 50-year treaty. Another was that the German Governments of the future would, like all previous German Governments, observe such a treaty only as long as it suited them and no longer. Further, some very grave doubts were expressed about the High Authority. To what extent would it and could it defend France's interests? Would not its guiding principle be, as was stated in the Schuman Plan, "the most rational distribution of production at the highest level of productivity?" If that was its guiding principle, was it not only too likely that the Germans would always secure priority in new capital investments, and France would be left high and dry?

To give an answer to these questions, several speakers quoted from a recent statement by Mr. McCloy, the U.S. High Commissioner who, in boosting the benefits that would accrue to Germany from the Schuman Plan, declared: "With German efficiency, all uneconomic concerns in other Schuman Plan countries will be eliminated in a short time."

M. Pierre André (Right), for his part, quoted Mr. Churchill as saying in June, 1950, that, without British participation, the Pool would "naturally come under German domination." It was also denied that France would at least be assured a supply of cheap coal and coke; there was absolutely no guarantee that, in periods of shortage, there would be such a flow to France of coke and coal. And what if Germany were to go on expanding her own steel production indefinitely? There were also some other objections. For instance, about the Saar. For what if the Saar broke away from France, and thus reduced the French vote on the Plan's Assembly from 18 to 15, and increased the German one from 18 to 21? Could anybody, in fact, say what might not happen in A.D. 2000?

M. René Mayer, M. Pleven and M. Schuman himself (in order of effectiveness, if one may say so) disposed of all these criticisms as best they could. They admitted that there were, of course, some risks involved; but what great new venture did not include risks? Against this they stressed the obvious economic benefits that would come to France, and the great psychological effect the "laying of this cornerstone of a United Europe" would have on world opinion. But somehow it didn't sound quite right. As many speakers observed, there *was* no United Europe; the Germans, unfortunately—even some people in Adenauer's Cabinet—could think of a United Europe only in terms of "unifying all the German lands—including Austria and Alsace-Lorraine," while the Americans looked upon the Schuman Plan as being, above all, a first step towards the formation of a more or less German-dominated European Army—a point clearly stressed in a recent speech by Mr. McCloy, which, needless to say, was extensively quoted. And the European Army (German version) might very well mean, as many speakers of different parties pointed out, that France would be dragged into a war against Russia. To these observations the Government was careful to reply that the ratification of the Schuman Plan did not mean the ratification of the European Army! M. Schuman himself had often observed that the two were not inter-dependent; but this also failed to convince many Deputies.

The Gaullist arguments against the Plan were also to the effect that, under it, "the Germans will cheat." But the Gaullists attacked it chiefly on the ground that it was anti-national, and handed over to a "Stateless technocracy," the fate of French industry. They were in favour of federation; but, they argued, putting economic federation before political federation made no sense. This political federation should be achieved in Western Europe by means of a referendum in all the prospective member countries; there should then be a federal parliament, and only after that economic federations. But even in such a European federation each member State should preserve its own national army and its own national character.

The concluding phase of the discussion summed up, as it were, the main arguments. The Government spoke in terms of France's prestige ("You mean *your* prestige—France's prestige is not involved," one speaker interjected). M. Chaban-Delmas (Gaullist) said he *hoped* the Plan would be a success, but he didn't believe it could be. Duclos (Communist) said that, before long, Krupp and other war criminals would set up new torture chambers for French slave labour, as they had already done before; and he also revealed, rather to the embarrassment of the Socialists, that the Federal Mineworkers' Committee of the Socialist *Force Ouvrière* trade union organisation had passed a resolution against the Plan. M. Pierre André (Right)—reflecting the views of certain industrialists—said he had still failed to receive a satisfactory reply to what was to him No. 1 question: "What would happen if the High Authority were to decide to concentrate its capital investments on the Ruhr?" And finally, M. Paul Reynaud sharply warned the Assembly that if it did not ratify the Schuman Plan, the U.S. might well give up the defence of Continental Europe and adopt Taft's strategy of peripheral defence. Which really amounted to saying that the Schuman Plan *was* the prelude to the European Army—and to German rearmament. Even so, the reference to Taft scared many Deputies.

The sequel of the story is apparently to be in Germany. It is reported that Bonn wishes to raise its steel output to 19 million tons a year, and Adenauer, in his determination to get the Schuman Plan through his Parliament, is believed here to be willing to make far-reaching concessions to the Right-wing parties who would, above all, like to be told (if only off the record) that the Pool will, in the end, be *their* Pool, and the European Army predominantly *their* army. What, it is asked in Paris, will the German Socialists do to counteract these dangerous thoughts? The French Socialists are a little mystified by the behaviour of their German colleagues. It is certain that, among the French Socialists, there is growing anxiety over the question what the European Army will really turn out to be. At the latest meeting of their National Council, there was a very marked movement in favour of keeping Germany disarmed, and against ratifying the European Army. But, despite the implications of M. Reynaud's speech, they still ratified the Schuman Plan. Perhaps M. Gouin had not quoted Victor Hugo in vain. But the "Army" is different—as we already know from M. Spaak's failure to "sell" it, as a "lesser evil," to the French and Belgian Socialists at Strasbourg.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, December.

Damascus Diary

IT was about the nastiest hole I ever climbed into. It was very steep and very narrow, and the ground was made of wet clay which came over the tops of one's shoes. It was also very dark, and thick pungent smoke poured out of it. It was, nevertheless, the easiest and cleanest way of entering a very beautiful mosque, with a fine inner courtyard and two slender, ethereal minarets. The courtyard was piled high with yellow clay which had been washed up by a recent flood. The rain pelted down as relentlessly as if this was Manchester, not Damascus. Women—some of them with shawls pulled over their faces, but most of them freed by hunger and necessity from the traditional Moslem woman's chains—picked their way with bare feet across the liquid mud; and children ran hither and thither, dark and gaunt-eyed and thin—much too thin. Men with scarves wrapped round their heads and any assortment of clothes (some of them taken out of Bundles from Britain, perhaps) were crouched against the walls. All round were little grilled cells where more women and children and men squatted round open fires on which they were heating pans of water containing some handfuls of meat and vegetables. That was the best of the refugee homes I saw to-day, the best because, when it is not flooded and not raining—and rain is only occasional here—then there is much more light and air and space than in the other mosques which have been handed over to the refugee Arabs from Palestine. Indeed, except for the accident of flooding, this mosque is nearly as good as a camp with canvas tents

There are about twenty mosques so used in Damascus. In another, where there were some seventy families, they had made a whole maze of tiny lanes through which you could just squeeze sideways; the sides of this maze were pieces of canvas or tarpaulin stretched on rough wooden framework, each hiding a family of ten or twelve people. Sometimes, there would be a tiny tent to house a single woman. In the outer court, a family had erected a mud wall which they showed off with pride. The worst I saw was a very small mosque which was almost dark with smoke from many cooking fires. It smelt so bad that I ventured to say to my guide that a window should be opened. He showed me that, high up in the roof, there was one window without glass. As I was leaving, a group of women came up to me supplicating. My translator explained that they were asking that I should persuade the authorities that they should have the paneless window mended and shut! I turned to another refugee; this time a strong-featured Palestinian farmer. "Three years ago," he said, showing me a sort of kennel with a tarpaulin over it in which he lived with his family, "I was a farmer with a good house and money in Palestine. Look where I live to-day. It's all the fault of the Americans."

* * *

On the way home my guide, himself a Palestinian Arab, said: "Something must be done quickly for these people." "No," I heard myself saying with vehemence, "no. Nothing must be done any more *for* them. You have shown me a clinic where a doctor looks after their diseases. He tells me they have no epidemics—only insufficient food to protect them from tuberculosis. You have shown me the food impartially distributed, a month's ration at a time, which they have to store in those miserable hutches. You have told me that very few get any work. Many are every day getting less able to work. The United Nations must not go on paying for such miserable charity. The refugees, if they are to have a future, must accept resettlement on the land and become self-supporting. Then you can get help." He said I might be right, but if he said so, he would be called a traitor. And so it goes. Every Arab politician, whatever his party, says the same thing. Some admit the wrong they are doing to the refugees themselves, by the pretence that somehow they are to go back to Israel, when everyone knows that in fact they cannot, and that their homes are occupied by Jews from Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and North Africa. It's unjust, but there it is. Meanwhile, they must remain to suffer, to rot spiritually and physically, because to form settlements for them, to allot them some of the vacant fertile ground in Syria, would be to accept their exile, and please the Jews by permitting them to get away with a *fait accompli*. So the best that the devoted servants of the U.N. refugee organisation can do is to advance some general schemes for the better development of Syria, involving the use of more land and labour, and so incidentally permitting a few hundreds of these people to be absorbed into the national economy. It is a slow process, for in Syria there are 83,000 refugees (about a tenth of the total) and soon the fact will have to be faced that they must be resettled in new territory. Syria has the land; both the nation and the refugees would benefit.

* * *

I put this point to Colonel Shishakli, the dictator of Syria, in conversation on Sunday morning. Could he not, as dictator, afford a realism and disregard for public opinion which is impossible for an elected person? Must he talk about a totally unreal admission of principle when the need for the refugees was land settlement? He responded cautiously but warmly, making me hope that some steps might really be taken to end the scandal of this paraded and subsidised misery. His fear of Israel stems from a more far-sighted calculation. What is to happen to a tiny country which accepts an unlimited number of immigrants, and pays for its imports only by gifts from friends abroad? Sooner or later, the American subsidies will dry up. It is reasonable to fear that Israel may then look enviously at the good land running to waste in neighbouring countries. Will not Israel, in short, turn expansionist? It is for this reason probably that Colonel Shishakli wants to strengthen Syria. I did not take the argument further with him; but I doubt if he is satisfied with the arms which the French now sell to Syria, and I also doubt—which is more important—whether those in the West who talk so glibly about a Middle East Command realise that to provide this powder-barrel with more powder does not necessarily strengthen defence against Russia: the arms are desired to fight, not the Soviet Union, but Israel.

* * *

The Colonel is an attractive personality, young, modest (at least in manner) and easy to talk with. He has just carried through one of the periodic *coups d'etat* which have become a habit in this country. As head of the army group, he had a row with what I am told was a very decent and honest, if perhaps rather ineffective, Government, run by the People's Party. I could not judge of these party leaders myself because the Colonel had one day arrested all twenty of them, and locked them up in the aerodrome building, where they are indefinitely, but not too uncomfortably detained. They had committed a constitutional sin, according to the Colonel, in being elected to make a constitution, and then continuing their own power as a Parliament. I doubt if he would have minded about that, if they had not tried to weaken the power of the army, attempting, in particular, to put the gendarmerie under civilian, instead of military, control. The Colonel tells me that they will be released "as soon as possible," and new elections held. Meanwhile he has set up a Government consisting mainly of officials. Some of these are excellent people, for the civil service in Syria is not corrupt, and these men are trained persons, some of them with valid Reformist ideas. The Colonel tells me he intends to get on quickly, not only with draining the Ghaab marshes (the traditional activity of dictatorship) but with the development of the port of Latakia—for Syria proudly objects to her dependence on Lebanese Beirut. He will also carry out the revolutionary idea of a graduated income tax. I asked one of the Ministers concerned with this project whether people now pay taxes in Syria. He replied: "Only the poor—and the *fonctionnaires*."

* * *

It was bitterly cold in Damascus, and about half the average annual rainfall must have fallen during the week-end. So thick was the snow on the hills, that it became doubtful whether a car could make its way across the ranges which separate Damascus from Beirut, and whether I could catch my aircraft to Baghdad. However, it relented enough to let us go by a long detour, skirting Lake Huleh, close to the Israeli frontier. It is a superb drive through very wild country under Mount Hermon, where, they say, there are still Syrian bears as well as wolves. Lake Huleh and the marsh round it provide the best illustration I know of the problem of persuading people to prefer their welfare to their hatreds. The Jews, of course, were right about wanting to drain the marshes and thus create good land for settlement; but they risked the rebuff they got when they went to work in disputed territory. Whether the marsh will be drained, or the mosquitoes and the Arabs and the hatreds go on having it all their own way, I don't know. We were stopped many times by Syrian guards and our passports examined, for the road goes through disputed territory for miles. Good relations were easy because my companions were Waterson and his team of locust experts, who travel with diplomatic papers. The nations here have not yet learnt to co-operate in draining the marshes, but they do graciously, even enthusiastically, allow the British to control the black and the brown and the red and the desert locusts. Even the Russians come to the annual locust-killers' conference. There is no more international animal, in fact, than your locust. So, genuine internationalists, we corkscrewed down the long pass from the cold heights to the semi-tropical luxury of Beirut.

CRITIC

THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER METTLE

The City salutes the sagacious
  Old Lady of Threadneedle Street—
Release from dependence vexatious
  Will set us again on our feet.
Our credit we'll soon be regaining
  And experts with confidence speak—
But the citizen still is complaining
  His credit position is weak.

The Old Lady has eased some restrictions
  And opened the Foreign Exchange
And brokers base joyful predictions
  On this timely, if overdue, change.
Spot cash for the forward transaction
  The Bank will to bankers advance—
But the citizen sees no reaction
  In the region of private finance.

The Old Lady is showing her mettle,
  Resourceful, adroit and resolved,
And they say that the Market will settle,
  Though the process is highly involved.
Return to our banking tradition
  Our balance of payments will save—
But the balance of payments position
  Remains, for the citizen, grave.

The Banks with decorous hilarity
  Proclaim, with the end of control,
The City through faith, hope and parity,
  Will win to the ultimate goal.
The hope of convertible sterling
  In high banking circles is praised
But inflationary spirals are whirling,
  And shopkeepers' prices are raised.

They say that this move has arrested
  The torrent of sterling in flight,
When the strength of the pound has been tested
  Recovery will be in sight.
They tell us, if Wall Street is willing,
  Our credit once more will be sound—
But the citizen can't save a shilling
  While the City is saving the pound.

Regaining their freedom of movement
  The bankers their profit will earn,
But whether, observing improvement,
  The Bourses to sterling return,
Or whether in fear of disaster
  Investors from sterling will flee,
They cannot from sterling fly faster
  Than sterling is flying from me.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A large number of Christmas trees in good condition have been washed up on the coast of Caithness. . . . The trees are to be destroyed. A Customs official at Wick said that regulations for the protection of home forestry prohibit the importation of coniferous trees.—Report in *The Times* (J. F. Blitz).

Bob Smith will let his wife into a secret this morning. He will tell her: "Darling, I know this will surprise you, but I believe our Alsatian bitch, Rita, is the reincarnation of my former fiancée Doris, who died fifteen years ago."—*The People* (Miss P. Pinnes).

Newton-by-Castleacre, Norfolk, has no electricity supply, but it has been told by the Eastern Electricity Board that power cuts will take place on Fridays.—*Daily Mail* (John McCann).

At no time has the County Council endeavoured in any way to interfere with the political opinions of its teaching staff, but it considers no child should run the risk of its mind being polluted by subversive and revolutionary ideologies.—Letter in *The Citizen* (Robert Flynn).

Towards the end of their cohabitation the husband's conduct became extremely odd. He apparently had no great interest in games.—*News Chronicle* (T. G. Swainger).

The Politics of Free Enterprise

I. Whose Productivity?

The Anglo-American Council on Productivity, jointly sponsored by the British and American Governments and E.C.A., will soon complete its third year of work. The British public, to the extent that it knows anything at all about the A-A.C.P., has heard primarily of its Productivity Teams, some fifty of which have made visits to the United States to assess American production methods and their possible application to British industry. It is unfortunate that the specialised composition of these Teams—a typical Team consists of managers, technicians and workers from a specific industry—has led people to suppose that A-A.C.P. Reports are too technical for the general reader. In fact, technical findings and recommendations only provide a part of each report. It is the "cultural" findings and recommendations, which make up the rest, that are of much wider interest.

The Teams, it seems, have found the real secret of high productivity: it lies not in machinery, not in factory lay-out—in short, not primarily in technical improvements, but in the American Way of Life. If only the American Way (the reports suggest) could be transferred to Britain, how hard working, how comfortable everyone would be! Moreover, the Teams appear to agree that the American Way *can* be transferred. All you have to do is reduce taxation, put more goods in the shops, increase incentive payments, and encourage free enterprise generally: behold, the American-become-British Way.

The reports, of course, could hardly be better Tory propaganda if they were written by Lord Woolton's bright young men. As a leading British business journal recently observed, "many recommendations in the reports have been directed at the [Labour] Government," and at least as many have been aimed at the principles of Socialism and trade unionism. Yet the bias is not immediately apparent. The recommendations are based on an interpretation of the American economy; and even if some recommendations are poorly supported by evidence, most of them follow logically enough from the Teams' impressions of their tours through the United States. The question, then, is: how valid are these impressions? If the typical team did not contain a Lord Bryce, did it include an Alistair Cooke?

Apparently not. The reports are full of inaccuracies and factual misstatements. It is claimed again and again that "the whole American economy is based on competition" (*Packaging*) and that "competition in the U.S.A. exists in fact as well as theory" (*Trade Unions and Productivity*), although the Federal Trade Commission and successive Committees of Congress periodically report increasing monopolisation in American industry. And, still more misleading, one Team (*Building*) was "greatly impressed by the spirit of initiative and co-operation. . . . A general belief in the need for experiment and progress; agreement that an earlier generation's method of approach to any particular problem is in no way sacrosanct but is always capable of improvement; and direct material incentives to self-advancement, coupled with penalties for failure to keep abreast of the times—these are all factors reflected in the speed and efficiency of construction in the United States."

The Team, it seems, was not aware, or chose not to be aware, that a year previously a Committee of Congress had reported that productivity and output per man-hour in American building were below pre-war; and that

> . . . industry, management and labour, individually or collectively, have conspired to saddle the housing industry with numerous kinds of obstacles . . . these groups have tacitly or actively conspired to retain antiquated production methods. Trade association understandings, union practices, and the building codes, have been their main tools to increase housing costs . . . At a time when skilled workers are comparatively old, unions have limited the ratio of apprentices to skilled workmen. Contractors and sub-contractors have secured the passage of building-code regulations which directly or indirectly destroyed price competition.

Nor did the team make note of a statement by Thurman Arnold, former Assistant Attorney-General, that "throughout the history of the Anti-Trust Division (of the Department of Justice) about 25 per cent. of the cases instituted have dealt with manufacturers and distributors of building materials or with building trades contractors or building trades labour."

While the Building Team went its myopic way, the group studying *Fertilisers* was looking into the question of Negro labour. In one of the most ignorant paragraphs ever written about the United States it reported that:

> These Negroes are, in general, willing workers with a simple childlike outlook on life and quickly adapt themselves to all forms of mechanical handling and repetitive work . . . The coloured labour in many places was unreliable; and, in several of the works visited, the plant superintendent confessed that he often had little idea of how many of the day's labour force would present themselves for work the following day, so that a proportion of casual labour had to be employed. For this reason considerable supervision was required; and, unless the coloured men had one boss only, who exercised rigid discipline, they were likely to get out of hand and become troublesome, though with proper control relationship between management and labour was generally good.

"Generally good" was also the expression applied to labour relations in cotton mills by the *Cotton Spinning* report, although for more than fifteen years the unions have been engaged in a bitter and frequently bloody struggle to organise the industry.

The reports, in other words, have quite deliberately determined that American free enterprise works, and works well. The next step is to determine why it works, and, with some coaching, what it has to teach. The most important "lesson" by general agreement of the reports, is that British taxation is "punitive" (*Meat Processing and Packing*), and that it has "passed its economic limit" (*Rigid Boxes and Cartons*). "The present income tax system in Britain," (*Pressed Metal*), "has a tendency to restrict output and earnings." Other reports find that the "key to the situation is the purchasing power of the money [the American worker] receives as wages" (*Drop Forging*). A few reports suggest that British workers are less industrious than their American counterparts. "The average American worker," according to *Hosiery and Knitwear*, "goes all out for the highest pay packet he or she can obtain, whereas some of our British workers . . . are not interested in earning more."

One report stresses the contrast between American and British workers' attitudes toward free enterprise. It quotes with apparent approval slogans featured on some American Federation of Labour posters: "The greatest crime a company can commit against its employees is NOT to make a profit;" and "if you work for a man, in Heaven's name WORK for him. If he pays you wages which supply your bread and butter, work for him—speak well of him—stand by him and stand by the institution he represents. If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness." (*Electric Motor Control Gear*).

This brief survey of the A-A.C.P. Productivity Reports suggests that, technical recommendations aside, they are designed to "sell" American free enterprise to British workers, and to promote here that acquisitiveness and single-minded devotion to materialistic gain that has been characteristic of the American Way. Moreover, since there is little evidence that the technical recommendations are popular with British industry, the reports may be chiefly significant as vehicles of cultural and ideological propaganda. At any rate, it is this aspect of the reports that may have rather grievous effects. If British labour can be persuaded that its future lies not with planning but with free enterprise, not with Socialism but with "enlightened" capitalism, it would appear to have no future.

A start has already been made in this direction. Most of the reports referred to were unanimously subscribed to by Team members, a third of whom, on the average, were trade unionists. Perhaps their seeming adherence to an essentially Tory outlook is partially explained by the character of the Team visits to America. Members of such Teams, in effect, enjoy a six-weeks vacation from their jobs. They travel both ways on one of the great Atlantic liners. In the United States they stay at comfortable hotels, visit the better plants and firms, and talk with the right kind of people, including typical representatives of the never-bite-the-hand-that-feeds-you American trade union movement. If the food and entertainment are not lavish, they are at least adequate—more than adequate if measured by the standards of Huddersfield and Stoke-on-Trent. It is not surprising, perhaps, that some of this happy experience should be reflected in the reports.

Some trade union Team members, however, may have been genuinely impressed with "the spirit of American industry," as one report put it. The "spirit," of course, exists, but it is hardly that described in most of the reports. In this regard, whether or not the reports can be placed in the same category as The Voice of America or the more deliberately propagandist efforts of Hollywood, they have some strikingly similar characterstics.

John Cates

The Ministry of Fair Shares

ONE of the floors of the house I lived in before the last war was inhabited by a London worker and his family. He was one of those workers, not uncommon in the late 'thirties, who had been knocked about a lot, with spells of unemployment, irregular and unsatisfactory work, and troubles of various sorts. The result was that he was decidedly a "Red," but a Red of his own individual tint rather than of the Communist hue. As a matter of fact he was scarcely aware of the existence of the Communist Party. What his experience of life had taught him was that everything was a sham; that nothing was what it seemed, and that only suckers thought it was.

I was away from London at various R.A.F. stations in the early part of the war, but in 1943 I was posted to the Air Ministry and came back to the house. My friend was still there and I was curious to find what attitude he was taking to the war and the national effort. I found that he was still pretty cautious and cagey, and half inclined to suppose that the whole thing was a put-up job in some undefined way, but he seemed less certain about this than he used to be. "Well, anyhow," I said to him, "don't you think food rationing has been done fairly as between rich and poor? Pretty well on the level?"

To my astonishment I got quite a harangue in reply. "If ever I thought that I'd live to see . . ." genuine fair shares in food distribution. "You could have struck me dead before I'd have believed . . ." that any such thing as the genuine fairness of the food rationing system would ever come into actual existence. After a time I realised that my friend's whole philosophy of life had been shaken and undermined by the fairness of the wartime food rationing. With infinite reluctance and bewilderment he had to admit that something which "they" had done really and truly was not a sham or a trap.

It was my first experience of the extraordinary impact which even one feature of a more equalitarian economy can make on a member of a working class accustomed to the extreme insecurity and irrationality of the 1930s. I am inclined to think that that impact of a "full-employment economy," or Welfare State, is an even more precious good than the sheer rise in the standard of life. Mr. Seebohm Rowntree can measure for us the lift of the worst-off sections of the population out of his category of primary poverty; but there is no way of measuring the psychological gain which the simple good sense, rationality and security of a full employment or "welfare" economy can effect. In extreme cases, such as that of my friend, it was positively comic to see the disillusionment with disillusion, which even one of the first measures of the new economy, the relatively equalitarian distribution of food, could effect. The effect of the new economy as a whole was to catch and hold the British workers at the very moment when they were on the brink of ceasing to feel that they were genuine members of the community. Another decade of two million unemployed, and the general irrationality of the 1930s, would have finally set a decisive part of the working class outside society.

In my opinion, an appreciable element in this last minute re-integration of the British community was due to the work of the wartime Ministry of Food. Of course, full employment itself, and the better distribution of the national income, are more fundamental things; but nevertheless the fact that Britain distributed scarce supplies of food on a far more "fair shares" basis than ever before, was no small part of the general process.

We have now been given a first volume of the official history of the wartime Ministry of Food.* In a series of, to me at least, most interesting chapters, Mr. Hammond tells the story of how the structure and policy of the Ministry of Food of the second World War were built up. Triple pillars on which fair shares in food always rested, and still rest, were (1) rationing; (2) price control and (3) subsidies. It was by the development of these three major techniques that the Ministry of Food saw to it that the available supplies were shared out on a per capita basis, irrespective of income, to a degree not heard of before.

It must not be supposed however that the Ministry of Food, or its successive Ministers, or the pre-war or wartime Governments as a whole, ever thought out what they were doing. On the contrary, Mr. Hammond's chapters make it almost embarrassingly clear that the massive and intricate structure of administration which was needed to effect this high social purpose came into being in spite of, rather than because of, the pre-conceptions of the men who built it.

He shows, for instance, in a chapter entitled the "Zenith of Food Control," how the Ministry, in finally accepting and using—not without resistance—the views of the scientific nutritionists, began to transform itself from being a machine for preventing a breakdown of our war effort through lack of food, into an organ of positive social advance. Mr. Hammond writes of the Survey of Wartime Nutrition:

> More important, perhaps, its acceptance as a basis of planning by the Ministry of Food and the Government as a whole conceded, perhaps not explicitly, the principles of food welfare for which pre-war reformers had striven. The restrictive, anti-inflationary, public-safety machine of food control was to be converted, through the application of dietary standards, into an instrument for doing in war-time what no modern government had attempted even in peace.

I repeat that this transition was made against the grain of many of the men who made it, against their economic and political convictions; but once it had been made, this huge Ministry, composed of an amalgam of civil servants and business men from the food trades, showed a wonderful degree of administrative resource. And let it be said, they showed, above all, integrity, in a field where the opportunities for, well, lack of integrity, in its most gross forms were endless.

Mr. Hammond does not say very much about the succession of Ministers who presided over the wartime Ministry of Food. In fact, it is only too clear to me that Mr. Hammond is not very interested in Ministers! Nevertheless, reading his pages recalled to my mind a conclusion which I reached during my period of office in the Ministry of Food. One Minister does not have very much material on which to judge the performance of his predecessors, especially of a predecessor one back from him in the line of succession—as was the case with Lord Woolton and myself. Nevertheless, one does come across, from time to time, the administrative "spores," as it were, of each of one's predecessors; and my conviction, which Mr. Hammond's pages reinforce, is that Lord Woolton was a good Minister of Food, but for rather different reasons than are often supposed. It was not so much that he made large or bold personal decisions; it was certainly not that he had any vision in his mind, when he came to the Ministry, of the immense work the Ministry should and did in fact do. But what Lord Woolton did do was to make good appointments. He had, of course, practically the whole country to choose from; he had, in addition to first-rate Civil Servants, a whole immense field of business men. Nevertheless, he made good appointments. That is always an achievement; for it his reputation is deserved.

Mr. Hammond's pages raise one major question which they do not even attempt to resolve. I have said that the immense social achievment of fair shares in food was based on the three pillars of rationing, price control and food subsidies. These three sets of measures add up to an inhibition, or suspension, of the price mechanism. To what extent could, or should, this inhibition of the price mechanism be continued as a permanent feature of British Food Policy? In theory, of course, there need be nothing contrary to fair shares in the operation of the price mechanism. Re-distribute the national income to any desired degree and you will automatically be re-distributing food, to that same degree of equalitarianism, and without any need for rationing, price control and subsidies, with all their immensely cumbersome administrative machinery and economic disadvantages.

But how unaware is the population of this theory; how deeply unpopular is the price mechanism with all the poorer sections of the population at any rate! But then the poorer sections of the population have never known anything but the rough side of the price mechanism's eloquent tongue. In a society with a rational distribution of income, might they not come to support its operations with as much genuine enthusiasm as any learned professor of the London School of Economics? Be that as it may, in our imperfect and transitional society we shall, in my opinion, need to use these inhibitions and suspensions of the price mechanism. Rationing, price control and food subsidies will go on for a long time yet. The administrative blunderbuss which they entail is certainly no handy weapon; but the social and moral satisfactions which its use can produce will pay for it over and over again.

JOHN STRACHEY

* *Food*—Volume 1. *The Growth of Policy*. By R. J. Hammond, M.A. *H.M. Stationery Office and Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1951.* Price 25s.

Unofficial Strike

This account of an unofficial strike is based upon actual disputes. We print it as a study of industrial relations in the docks.

ALONG the quays, in the sheds, and down the hatches, unrest and life were astir. As always, militant dockers had been steering resolutions through trade union branches, pushing propaganda into hesitant hands and organising regular bomb-site meetings. Their activities were evenly and thickly spread throughout the week, despite wives anxious for jobs to be done about the house, or for company at the pictures or the pub. These vociferous, energetic figures attended every and any meeting; there was no escape from them. Emerging from the alcoholic friendship of the pub, or entering the confused jangle of the canteen, one had to run the gauntlet of the Peace petitions and the wordy pamphlets. Naturally, such self-appointed leaders provided the nucleus of the unofficial Portworkers' Committee.

After the authorities decided that the "Ocean Liner" should work overtime from five to seven p.m. few of the men working in its four hatches expected any disagreement. Holidays were in sight and the increased cost of living made the addition to the wage packet almost indispensable.

Jackson, the foreman, told the men at dinner-time. The news was received with silence, but by about two o'clock Tom Marchant and Fred Bannister, of No. 1 hatch, had remembered other private, urgent business that evening. At 2.15

they saw the foreman, who thought he could probably find a couple of substitutes from the quay gang. When O'Grady, the Superintendent, sauntered through the shed, Jackson approached him casually and remarked that Marchant and Bannister would not be working overtime with the other 78 men concerned. It might be that O'Grady was worried by domestic problems, or his duodenal might have been troubling him.

"Why didn't they notify the fact earlier, Jackson? They know damned well they should have seen Swan, the Port Labour Officer." Silently, Jackson pushed his greasy trilby to the back of his head, lit a cigarette stub between scarred, cupped hands, and retreated along the gangway to the deck of the "Liner." O'Grady often blew up and would probably calm down soon and reappear to give his grudging consent.

However, O'Grady was out for blood. A little later he lunged his way through Swan's door and sat down waiting for him to finish a telephone conversation. Swan banged down the receiver and extended his cigarette case in O'Grady's direction.

"Thanks! . . . . You know the 'Liner' over at 'A' berth?" urged O'Grady.

"Aye."

"Two of the bastards have refused overtime. It's just another try-on. You know what it's been like the last month. An hour to mash the tea in the morning; bad time-keeping; these weekly meetings; and all the rest of it. The stevedore's been on my neck twice to-day about the tonnage of the 'Liner.' We've got to tighten up, Sam. Will you have a word with them?"

"Righto, I'll be over in a minute. Wish to God I was back in the Service, Jim. Aboard ship, if you gave an order you could be sure it was carried out. It's all this bloody Government."

Swan went over to "A" berth. He climbed the gangway of the "Liner." It was four o'clock and he found Jackson sipping well-sugared tea in the galley. "I hear Marchant and Bannister have refused this overtime, Charlie." "Aye." Jackson slid another chipped mug across the deal table.

"What's the story?"

"Don't know. They've just said private reasons."

"I'll see them," said Swan. Jackson clattered across the iron-plated deck, leaned over the hatch-coping, and bellowed, "Marchant, Bannister, Mr. Swan wants to see you." From the depths came muffled grunts. Marchant and Bannister climbed the slippery hatch-ladder, and walked across to the rail. Swan turned, set his face disapprovingly, and addressed the two men. "What's this about refusing overtime?"

"Private reasons," said Bannister.

"You're not supposed to refuse reasonable overtime," said Swan, quoting the rules to them. "You know regulations as well as I do. You're working till seven, understand?"

There was a long silence. Marchant studied his finger-tips. Bannister put his heel on a chain stop. "Not to-night!" said Marchant firmly.

"You'll do as you're damn well told."

Swan had raised his voice. The men in the hatch below lounged against the cargo and listened. Jackson intervened. He tried to be reasonable. They were members of his gang. "Listen, lads, you know the piece-work is good. None of the others have refused. What about it?"

"No, Jacko, not to-night," said Marchant.

"You know what this means?" threatened Swan. "It's suspension. I'll see you both in the office. Swan and the two men disappeared down the gangway and along the quay. In fifteen minutes Marchant and Bannister were back.

"What's happened?" questioned Jackson.

"Two days' suspension."

"You're a pair of fools, aren't you?"

One of the gang called up from the hatch below. "What the news, Tommy?" "Two days' suspension," repeated Marchant. The face disappeared back down the hatch. "To hell with this for a flaming lark," shouted a rebellious voice. "We're coming up."

"Oh, for Christ's sake," said Jackson. He sought Bannister, "Go across to the Union office and fetch Andrews." Bannister turned fiercely on Jackson. "He'll do a fat lot of bloody good. First thing these Union men do is to go across to the office. You know that."

"Never mind that now," said Jackson. "Go and fetch him." Bannister ambled away along the deck.

"What's up?" shouted the hatchman from No. 2 hatch.

"Two days' suspension. The lads have packed it in."

The hatchman turned excitedly to the depths of his own hatch. "They're up from No. 1," he shouted. The crane stopped. The best "welter" in No. 2 hatch lit an illicit cigarette and awaited developments.

"What's up?" enquired the weigher from the quay gang.

"The two forward hatches have packed up. Two days' suspension."

"They've slung it in," shouted the weigher to the trucking gang. The trucking gang stopped and leaned upon their loads. By this time the forward hatch gangs were swarming down the gangway. Jackson's gang decided to go in a deputation to the Union office. The six of them wove a course through the packing cases and bales down the centre of the sheds. As they walked, other quay and shed gangs eyed them askance but refrained from comment or question.

Quay gangs stopped. Foremen disappeared. Crane drivers in their eyries viewed the situation with customary calm. By the time the deputation had reached the Union office rumour and explanation were rife. Bert Thomas, chairman of the Unofficial Committee, soon heard. "Pack it in, lads," he said to his mates at "D" berth. The gang packed in. Thomas walked forward to the forecastle and waved his arms in an expressive gesture.

The hatchman on the forward hatch at "E" berth glanced away from the lowering packing-case and saw Thomas' signals. "Pack it in, lads," he shouted. When Jackson's gang reached the Union office beyond the dock gates, they discovered that Andrews, the delegate, was away at national conference. Brown and Scott, his assistants, were nowhere to be found. The gang stood irresolutely outside the office. Men were beginning to gather in the open space by the control pen. Small groups of three and four spattered the scene. They were waiting.

"What's up?"

"There've been suspensions."

"It's all part of the tightening up that they've been doing over the last month."

Thomas, the unofficial chairman, was soon on the scene. "They've tried to pull another fast one on us, lads. They're selling us up the river again. It's all part of the secret agreement between the Union and employers for strings to be attached to the last increase. I've been meaning to tell you for some time. Over to the bomb-site, lads." His gnarled hands began to conduct a symphony of four-score men. "This is the position, lads. Two of the boys have been suspended for refusing overtime. Are we solid?

An indeterminable response rose from the audience adjoining the lorry. Two or three on the fringe, eager to be the bearers of news, edged away like theatre-goers filtering through the exits in their anxiety to avoid the strains of the National Anthem. It was 4.30 when Marchant and Bannister, no longer the focus of attention, entered Swan's office. At 4.45 over two hundred dockers were on strike. Swan was making arrangements for the next Dockers' Social at the Town Hall. Jackson was pouring another cup of tea and wondering if Stoke City to beat Huddersfield was a good banker. At five o'clock nearly all the men were out. At 5.30 the local secretary of the Union received a call that an unofficial strike was in progress. He turned to his deputy. "Call a meeting for the day after to-morrow down in the Hall."

At seven o'clock in "Radio Newsreel" Britain knew of another unofficial strike. At 7.30 Marchant had thrown treble 19 in the "Nag's Head," and the team looked like winning the first game anyway. At 8.15 Bannister had just asked for two 2s 4d's at the "Odeon." Mrs. Bannister turned to him as he collected the tickets and change. "It was lucky you got this evening off, dear. You know how much I like John Mills, and it's been so miserable going alone since Ethel was married." PAUL FORREST

Argentina and Her Neighbours

(By our own Correspondent.)

EVER since the Wars of Independence, Argentina has believed that she has a right to take the dominant role among South American nations. It was, after all, in Argentina that the movement for independence first took shape: it was General San Martin who led the troops which ensured the victory of the Chilean patriots; and it was he who later joined with Bolivar to destroy the last stronghold of Spanish power, in Peru. Add to this that Argentina is naturally a rich country, the nearest South American equivalent to the United States. The result, not unnaturally, has been that the majority of Argentines have long been convinced that their Government is bound automatically to become, in the end, the leader in Latin American affairs—a leader aggressively independent of *Yanqui* control.

With the advent of General Perón as President of Argentina, these basic desires and ambitions acquired new importance. Perón's foreign policy has been based on fostering ties between his Government and those of neighbouring States, particularly when those States also have military-type governments. Nor is Perón averse from assisting his military colleagues to acquire power in their own countries. Moreover, there is no doubt that ambitious generals and colonels elsewhere have been spurred by Perón's achievements and have used his arguments of "social justice" to sway the people and to assist in putting themselves into power. Since 1946, democratic Governments have been replaced by militaristic, strong-man Governments in Peru and Venezuela, while only this year the Bolivian Government was overthrown by a military Junta. The struggle of the people was sharpest in Bolivia and Paraguay, both of which have been torn by revolution or civil war in the last few years; and in both these countries, the present Government is on terms of close friendship with Argentina.

Of the neighbouring countries, Chile is the most recalcitrant, and in some ways the most necessary to Argentina's economy. The outlook for close economic ties looked good in 1946, when

the Chilean trade mission took the initiative in answering Perón's call for closer trade relations between neighbours. Chile needed Argentina's foodstuffs to feed a growing industrial population, while Argentina needed Chile's copper, iron and steel. Unfortunately, although negotiations proceeded satisfactorily, the treaty was never ratified by the Chilean Parliament. Nevertheless, it was to serve as a model for a more successful treaty with Bolivia, other more equitable treaties following with Brazil and Peru.

Immediately after the war Argentina was in a very strong economic position. All the world needed food, and Argentina was in a position to supply it—at a price. This applied to the Latin American countries also, and the logical source of supply was Argentina. This was not only on account of geographic proximity, but because it was one of the few countries with meat and cereal surpluses.

These factors all combined to put Argentina in a strong trading position *vis-à-vis* her neighbours. They also served to put some new ideas into the heads of those who had been thinking actively in terms of an "Austral Bloc" ever since 1943. The Austral Bloc was a product of some of the younger Argentine Army officers, and was to be a group of States in the southern part of South America united under Argentine hegemony. It would form one economic unit from which Argentina could draw on the natural resources lacking in her own territory.

The Bloc did not materialise, partly because the tide of war in Europe began to flow against the Germans, with whom the Argentine militarists were in strong sympathy. In 1946, however, Perón's economic advisers must have seen the wisdom of building up strong economic ties with the neighbouring States, and making these States dependent on Argentina for many of the goods formerly imported from Europe and the United States. At the same time, they would supply the raw materials to feed Argentina's expanding light industries and pave the way for heavier industry. Hence the cordial invitations issued to trade missions, and the big "welcome" mat spread out for them in Buenos Aires.

Unfortunately for the success of these plans, the wealth Argentina had accumulated during the war and in the immediate post-war years began to melt away rapidly. This was partly due to extravagant spending on surplus war material bought by Argentine missions in the United States, and partly due to the fact that prices for essential capital goods from the big industrial countries rose sharply after the war. There is no doubt, also, that nationalisation of foreign-owned railways and other utilities also ate into foreign-currency reserves, while over all was the graft and corruption which have penetrated every facet of Argentine national life.

Nevertheless, in foreign policy, Argentina has continued to oppose United States policies on the one hand, while on the other seeking to obtain financial assistance from American financiers. Perón has repeatedly boasted that Argentina believes in the "third position"—*i.e.*, neither with the United States nor with the U.S.S.R.—and Buenos Aires is one of the few South American capitals with a Soviet Embassy. This attitude does not stem from any basic sympathy with Soviet aspirations, but rather from a desire to harass the United States. Perón, like other South American leaders, believes in the inevitability and the imminence of a third world war, and it is on this that he banks in order to achieve his dream of a South American federation of States led by Argentina.

The federation dream is nothing new. It was

Mid-summer Day 1952

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On home affairs, our informed and incisive comment on political matters will be augmented with articles by such people as R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., and John Freeman, M.P. Basil Davidson will be contributing an important series on the crisis in Britain's schools. Aylmer Vallance will continue to report on his search for what remains of Craftsmen's England. Norman MacKenzie is enquiring into two problems of topical interest—the high cost of laundry work and the state of British Railways.

In "Arts and Entertainments" we offer T. C. Worsley on the theatre, Desmond Shawe-Taylor on music, Edward Sackville West on gramophone music and William Whitebait's entertaining commentary on the "movies." The contributors of "middles" and reviewers on the literary side will maintain the tradition and distinction of their part of the paper. Sagittarius will still ride the skies and Assiac move his pieces.

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the dream of all early Latin American statesmen. They believed in the need for a great federation of South American states, working in unity towards a common goal. Peron believes that in the event of a third world war, in which both the United States and the U.S.S.R. would be cancelled out as world Powers, the field would be open in South America for Argentina to step in and claim the dominant position which he, and many other Argentines, believes is rightfully hers. In these aspirations, many observers believe Perón is constantly encouraged by the Nazi and Fascist leaders who have found a new home from home in Argentina. It is no coincidence that many leading European totalitarians have emigrated to Argentina, including Vittorio Mussolini, Fritz Mandl, and many others, not to mention others who were already there, such as Ludwig and Rudy Freude, Heinrich Doerge, etc. Whether in fact Bormann is in Argentina cannot be proved, although there are at least two reputable eye-witnesses who claim to have seen him. However that may be, there are plenty of other high-ranking Nazis and Fascists who are in high positions in Argentina. Very often their posts are "advisory," but this in no way weakens their influence.

In order to fulfil any schemes for Latin American domination, however, it is essential for Argentina to obtain supplies of iron and steel, and this explains the keen interest being taken by Perón and his advisers in the forthcoming Chilean elections. There have been many charges that General Carlos Ibañez del Campo, former Chilean dictator who is standing in next year's elections, is obtaining the bulk of his campaign funds from Argentina. Certainly he is spending plenty of money, yet none of Chile's organised wealthy groups are supporting him.

Buenos Aires, December.

London Scottish

> Never again in peace or war,
> On never a gathering day hereafter—
> MacCrimmon comes no more.

THOUGH fog swirled sourly round my north-bound 68 bus, Mornington Crescent seemed far enough from the MacLeods' misty island. True, the pitch where Cockney spivs and barrow-boys make up Camden Town's market is named Inverness Street; but I felt it would be a poor sort of gathering day for MacCrimmon's piping which was held in that shabby turning. Kentish Town Road, nearby, is not one of those places on the map which are music in any heart. Yet here, at No.12, in a setting which manages to recall Queen Victoria and *Fanny by Gaslight*, the expatriate, homesick for Hogmanay, may find diversion in an odd discovery—an English family which has spent 75 years in making Highland bagpipes.

Of how this came about, there is no precise record—no detailed history, that is, of what I surmise must have been a singular instance, in obdurate struggle, of the Highlander for once getting the better of the Englishman. All that I can find authoritatively chronicled is that, in 1876, Mr. Henry Starck founded hereabouts a modest, blameless business in the making, by hand, of that gentlest of instruments, the flute. To him, a few years later, there came—led by God knows what report or intuition, but it was surely on a thick, eerie winter evening—a burly, bearded figure. It was William Ross, the Queen's own pipe-major, drafted from Deeside to create in Windsor the ludicrously cherished atmosphere of Balmoral. He would have Mr. Starck say if he could make a set of pipes—not the puny pipes of Northumberland, nor yet Irish pipes with their fancy scales, but a true full set such as Black John himself might have fingered. After some demur—for what had a London flutemaker to do with such great skirling beasts?—Mr. Starck's objections were overcome. By cajolery, or bullying? No matter. The set was made and mightily approved by Ross; other pipers got to hear of it, and orders followed fast.

To-day, if you obtain (with due ceremony, please) access to the little works in Camden Town, you may meet Henry Starck III. In his office upstairs, against a background of tartan plaids, show-cases full of old sets of pipes, and faded photographs on the walls of pipers long gone to join MacCrimmon in the Land of Youth, he may strike you as a slightly incongruous figure. Dressed, not in kilt or Harris tweed, but in the English formality of pin-striped trousers, he more than a little resembles Professor G. D. H. Cole. No, he did not play the bagpipes himself: he was a flautist—you could tell that from the characteristically straight but sensitive mouth—and he did not want to risk spoiling the "touch" of his lips. As he answered my questions, patiently and with a true craftsman's courtesy, pointing here and there to the show-cases, I almost wondered if Mr. Starck was not a tiny bit afraid of the musical monsters of his own creation. Certainly he spoke with wistful affection of "miniature sets" and of his recorders, as a breeder of bull-mastiffs might refer to his pet indoor Pekes.

But whatever the aesthetic turmoil in Mr. Starck's private soul, let there be no doubt of the loving care lavished on his firm's famous product. For the bag, the best sheepskin—Scots, if possible: southern sheep have less tough hides—cannily sewn airtight with waxed thread. For the chanter and drones, nothing but the best African blackwood—now over £50 a ton; and, though incredibly hard and heavy, it is a treacherous wood which often spoils to waste in the making. For the reeds, which can "make or break" a set—oboe-pattern in the chanter and like miniature organ-reeds in the drones—Spain must send tested cane. Add, for the mounts (they call them "scrolls" in the South) ivory from the Belgian Congo, and tartan silk from French looms—if it can be got—for the ribbons; quite a lot of the world is held in fee to Camden Town for pipers' pleasure. And here, *chez* Starck, there is no question of the automatic turning-lathes which—tell it not in Skye!—have reportedly crept into use by Glasgow makers. Hand-turned to exquisite smoothness, the drones—pitched to one bass and two treble As—slide sweetly up and down at their joints for tuning with the A of the chanter. And then—real secret of a great set of pipes—the boring of the chanter, not (as with the drones) bored "in parallel" like a gaspipe, but bored with a crafty double-taper which involves the use of thirteen separate boring-bits.

Highlanders have always been ungrateful dogs. It might have been thought that when an English family which had been abducted from the civilised world of motets into the service of the pibroch strove to benefit their captors by an "improvement," such an altruistic contribution to Scots music would have been kindly requited north of the Border. Not so. In 1909 Henry Starck II "deviated": he produced and patented the "Brian Baru" pipes.

At this point, since this is a southron journal, I had better perhaps explain that, while the drones of Highland pipes sound a perpetual A, the chanter, with its compass of nine notes from G to A "above," puts frills on the music—very intricate frills and full of love and death and sorrow and all heaven, if you like it that way, but *not pitched in a diatonic scale*. Hence the pipes' plangent discordance, and their limitations in the reproduction of Anglo-Saxon tunes.

Now the Brian Baru pipes sought to better all this. Their drones resolved into 'a nice, rich chord—A; E; A—and the chanter had a perfect chromatic scale from E natural to C sharp. If you meet a band of the Inniskillings, you may hear those pipes to-day. But would the Highlands take to them? Not in hell's teeth: never a set has reached the Great Glen. Sheer conservatism? Or was their Irish name repellant? Perhaps. Or maybe there was another reason. The present Mr. Henry told me with modest pride that the pipes of his father's devising could play "God Save the King" very naturalistically. Did the firm's demonstrators parade just that accomplishment north of the Border? If so . . . can you wonder? After all, Jamey has been dead these many years.

Still, in this life there are always compensations. If Scotland will have none of "Brian Baru," there are plenty of customers—and not only in Scotland—for Highland-pattern Starck pipes. They are remarkably cheap; or would be, but for the iniquitous 66⅔ per cent. Purchase Tax which the State inflicts on all instruments of music in the home market. Tax apart, £10 will buy a plain set; and for £40 or so you can get a grand affair, though I suppose that for richly chased solid silver ferrules and carved ivory mounts the sky could be the limit. Anyway they go to Scotland and to Scots in the Dominions; but, oddly enough, not to Canada, where there are now more Highlanders (of sorts) than in the glens. There are buyers, too, in Norway and Switzerland, where mountains, it seems, have bred love of mountain music. And, for reasons sometimes less creditable (though equally agreeable to the Treasury) there are purchasers also in the United States: an unplayed, and unplayable set hung above the all-electric fireplace may help the illusion that grandpa came from Benbecula and not, as in truth he did, from Bremen. . . .

Cha till, cha till, MacCruimein. Back in the foggy Kentish Town Road it seemed just as dolefully far as ever to Lochaber. Somers Town is not, definitely not, a substitute for Somerled. So perhaps I did foolishly to suggest, at the beginning of this piece, that discovery of the Starck establishment could help to cure the heartache of a Hogmany remote from home. Maybe, Lochaber and all it stood for is just as much an anachronism, which had better be put clean out of mind, as Mr. Henry's lovely craftsmanship. What is the use of "seven generations and seven years" when you can turn a knob? *An cogadh no'n sith.* The green graves of Culloden could inspire the grace-notes of a coronach; but who would spend days in a damp, Dunvegan cave practising "warblers" to pipe death's mass production at Hiroshima? AYLMER VALLANCE

Camden Town, December.

THE STONE GENTLEMAN

LET us move the stoge gentleman to the toadstool wood:
Too long has he disapproved in our market-place.
Within the manifold stone creases of his frock-coat
Let the woodlouse harbour and thrive.

Let the hamadryads wreath him with bryony,
The scrolled fern-fronds greenly fantasticate,
And sappy etiolations cluster damply
About the paternal knee.

Them the abrupt, blank eyes will not offend.
The civic brow and raised, suppressive hand
Unchallenged and without affront shall manage
The republic of tall spiders.

JAMES REEVES

The Arts and Entertainment

A PIECE OF NEW LONDON

WHY does one read of the L.C.C.'s new twenty-year development plan for London with something near despondency? Not, certainly, because the plan is inadequate, or unrealistic; nor because it does not provide opportunities for a real betterment of London. But simply for this reason: that there is no picture in one's mind of the kind of place which London, in those twenty years, might grow into. Or, worse, if there is such a picture, it is one of indescribable melancholy, consisting of ranges of near-corbusier "working-class" flats standing on sooty lawns, with concrete curbs; of schools which might equally be massed lavatories or unemployment exchanges; and of private enterprise office blocks bulging upwards into a silhouette hacked out of space in a battle with rights of light and zoning limitations. Is there, at this moment, any ground whatever for *believing* in the future of London? Is there any sort of development in any category of building, which goes to the heart, and makes one warm to the sound of a concrete-mixer? Is there?

Well, perhaps. Recently I re-visited the new housing-scheme in Pimlico, now called Churchill Gardens. The first section of this thirty-acre scheme is nearly finished and partly occupied. It consists mainly of four 9-storey blocks widely separated and running back from Grosvenor Road. At right angles to these and between them are a few four-storey blocks. And there is a giant glass cylinder which is the accumulator for the district heating scheme laid on from Battersea Power Station. The group is formidable; and when it is considered that in the completed scheme there will be nine of these monster blocks towards Grosvenor Road along a frontage of some 600 yards, it becomes clear that something pretty considerable is happening. An obsolete quarter of old London is being erased and a piece of a completely new London is being built.

Now, what about this new London? The first thought which rises is that this sort of thing is not London at all. The feeling generated around these buildings is so entirely continental that when a little boy asked me the time I thought, "Little prig; how does he know I'm English?" I had a sense of being in Germany, around 1930, and that is not surprising because that is where the roots of Churchill Gardens are. They are, in fact, a net product of the thought and talk that went on among young English architects between the wars—thought and talk conditioned very largely by vacations abroad, by the Mars Group's contacts, by Maxwell Fry's partnership with Gropius, and by Fashion in the schools of architecture. You only have to skim through the pages of Fry's *Fine Building*, published in 1944, to catch the feeling of this English inlet from the continental stream. There you see illustrated the Mars Group's pre-war plan for London, with a suggestion for a neighbourhood unit, very like what Churchill Gardens is becoming. There, among the plates at the end, you see Gropius' residential unit at Siemenstadt, built in 1929, and the spectacular Van Nelle Factory (1930) at Rotterdam, to both of which the Churchill blocks stand indebted. Written during the "blitz," Fry's text is in the somewhat heightened style proper to that episode; a new London is romantically prophesied from the belly of an air-raid shelter. But now, at Churchill Gardens, one realises with a shock that, clearly, bluntly, undramatically, the thing is here.

Having, after twenty years of talk, got exactly what we asked for, how are we going to like it? Not, I think, very much just yet. On the other hand, the architects of Churchill Gardens, Philip Powell and Hidalgo Moya (designers, by the way, of the celebrated Skylon) have done a magnificent job in realising, with competence and feeling, what has, in England, been nothing but a paper ideal. If this is a first instalment of the new London, the welcome it receives will have a considerable effect on the instalments to follow. So what must be said?

First, that the relation of the lay-out to the architecture is exceedingly fine. It has long been a part of modern architectural theory that blocks and dwellings should never be monumentalized (as, for instance, the galumphing mass of Dolphin Square is monumentalized), but that a natural monumentality is inherent in the proper relationship of block to block. Here, it certainly is. The theory works. The perspectives, as one walks across the site, are really compelling—artlessly and naturally so. Surely, here is a principle which London will accept and naturalise; here, surely, is the bold, the basically right answer to the degrading obsolescence of the inner suburbs.

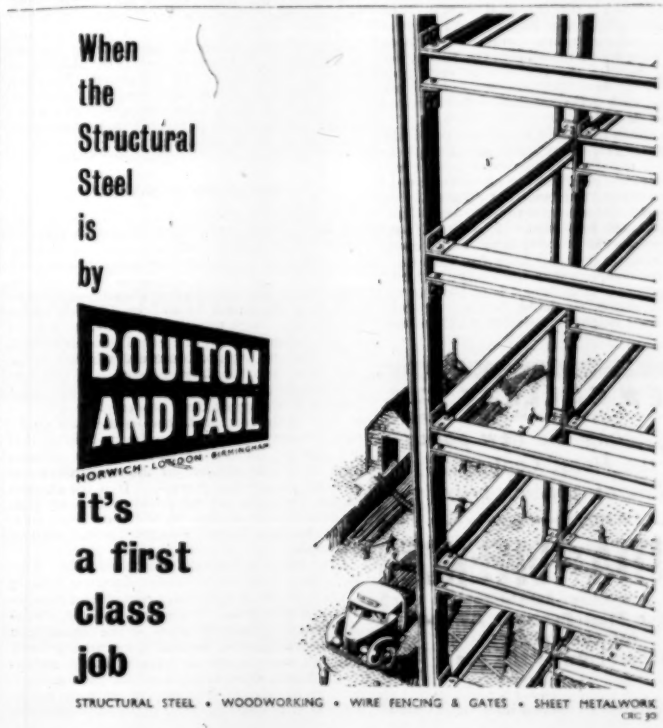
Then, the architecture itself. This is, unquestionably, good according to its manner. But its manner will not do. I revolted instinctively against its "foreign-ness," a quality which, twenty years ago, I should have found exciting; but this feeling, I discovered, could be reduced to a loss of faith in buildings designed as if the top and bottom were much the same thing, as if they would look pretty well as good upside down, or as if they had been begun to be built in mid-air, then extended upwards and downwards; a cognate dislike, too, for windows divided up like a Mondrian painting. I know very well that here is involved what is, perhaps, the central inspiration of the modern school. I know that buildings which dictate equally rigid vertical and horizontal rhythms can hardly be satisfactorily conceived except in this way—like an abstract sculpture. There may, in fact, be no present alternative. But while there is none, there remains, I believe, a serious psychological barrier between the modern architect and his public, a public which persists in believing that buildings, like people, have their feet on the ground and their heads in the air. So that, although Churchill Gardens is an important and impressive statement in relation to London's future, and gives some grounds for believing in that future, it does not arrive at what London so profoundly needs—a pattern of renewal which will be lived in because it is loved and not merely because there is nowhere else to live.

JOHN SUMMERSON

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THE exhibition at Burlington House this winter is devoted to the first hundred years (1769-1868) of the Royal Academy. All the works of art on view—mainly pictures but also some sculpture, watercolours and miniatures—numbering more than seven hundred items, with a few exceptions figured in one or other of the first hundred Academy exhibitions. It may come as a surprise to those who have always taken the smooth course of poking fun at this institution to discover that all the best artists between the prescribed dates, with the stray exceptions of Romney, Rossetti and Whistler, are included with examples that decently represent them. It would not be easy to get together a better show of *public* works by the greatest English masters within the period, although the true character of this school is not comprehensible in the eighteenth century without Hogarth, and in the nineteenth without a variety of Constable sketches.

The decision to extend the boundaries of academic art, by seeking to document the first thirty years of Queen Victoria's reign, showed courage. The labour involved in tracking down suitable works in periods that have only been sketchily mapped by historians is formidable. It would have been so safe to have rung down the curtain on the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, but the Committee has forged ahead to the creation of a Pre-Raphaelite room, the most successful as far as hanging is concerned in the whole building, and to the exhumation of artists who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were not actually members of the Brotherhood but began to adopt similar, reverent attitudes towards Nature at about the same moment—as though suddenly everyone took to playing telescopes over the spring, picking out for their delight tiny hedges and coppices dripping with dew.

However, when one approaches the works of art more closely, one begins to detect grave errors in presentation and selection. The organisers could not have gone far wrong with Room I, devoted mainly to pictures which were exhibited at the Society of Artists before the Academy was founded; nor with the splendid Room III, which has always cried out for full-length Reynolds portraits, Wilson panoramic landscapes and Gainsborough subject pictures, and now has them in abundance; nor with Rooms V and VI, which could not help being ennobled by Turner and Lawrence; nor with the compact, well-lit Room IX, which is admirably suited to the display of Pre-Raphaelites. But the Hanging Committee seems to have wished to convert Room IV into a provisional National Gallery of Sports and Pastimes, by lumping together artists who happen to have chosen the themes of sport and drama but are otherwise quite different in period, style and moral worth: it is just as foolish to hang shoulder to shoulder a Mannerist and a Surrealist *Leda and the Swan* as to attempt to combine Stubbs with Leslie, or Morland with Landseer. Similarly the unhistorical dispersal of pictures by forerunners and contemporaries of the Pre-Raphaelites between Rooms X and XI and the Lecture Room only adds to the confusion.

As far as the choice is concerned, it must be admitted that the organisers have unearthed a remarkable number of little known works, even by the best painters, such as Gainsborough's *Milkmaid and Clown* (26), the full-length Reynolds of *Lord Cawdor* (92) and another version of Madox Brown's *The Pretty Baa-Lambs* (278). But there are too many *genre* scenes with no message but a trivial anecdote, and too many landscapes of merely topographical interest. The intention may have been to reproduce the effect of a typical mid-nineteenth century exhibition gallery by hanging pictures up to the ceiling, but this hardly justifies the retention of such poor craftsmen as the Rev. Matthew Peters and Henry Walton, and such generous allotment of space to Hodges and de Wilde.

There is much to be said for making one's way direct to Room III, where imposing masterpieces are gathered together. The brown tone of the Reynolds portraits does not accord with our taste for bright colours, but even left-wing restorers are now agreed that it is safer to leave them alone. The Gainsborough full-lengths of *George III* and *Queen Charlotte* (89 and 94) have been cleaned since they hung in the same room five years ago: in this brown company they sparkle like sails laid out on the shore to dry. There is no truth in the rumour—circulated, no doubt, because the contrast with their neighbours was so striking—that these portraits have been over-cleaned. I shall make no attempt to describe the contents of this room, nor of others containing pictures that everyone remembers from engravings hanging over their cradles; nothing less than genius is needed to bring hackneyed shapes alive again. Instead I shall concentrate on artists who deserve to be more highly estimated. The first of these is George Stubbs, who is still somewhat frowned on, because he has remained too long in the ignominious category of "horse painter." Indeed it is hard to detach him from the life of the stud farm; but however humble may have been his tasks, like Chardin with his pots and pans he emerges in the vanguard of European classicism. The composition of his *Hambletonian, rubbing down* (115) (by which I mean the relationship both on the surface and in depth between the horse spread across the canvas, and the grooms and buildings) has all the gravity of a cinquecento Roman fresco. And his drawings for the *Anatomy of the Horse* (765), a meeting-place between art and science, seem to glow, in their unpretentious way, with the heat of a newly found truth. It is a moving experience to become aware, among the gay Zoffanys, of the high moral purpose that inspired Stubbs, and that stood Wheatley in good stead when he embarked on his humanitarian *Mr. Howard Relieving Prisoners* (39), and that lent sense and power to Wright's two subject-pictures by artificial light (2 and 15).

In the nineteenth-century rooms, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the young and old (though not the middle-aged) Wilkie are well represented. The Watts *A Wounded Heron* (304) has all the brilliance and freshness of similar animal studies by the young Landseer. The small Danby *Disappointed Love* (313), exhibited at the Academy at the unbelievably early date of 1821, and the Dyce *Madonna* (325) dated 1845, "before Raphael" in the strict sense that it recalls Perugino or Lo Spagna, are significant milestones on the road to Pre-Raphaelitism. The Holman Hunts and the other Dyces are of absorbing interest; and I for one am delighted that the Academy should have gone to the expense and trouble of transporting to Burlington House the vast history and *genre* pieces from Maclise to Poynter, including Lord Leighton's *Cimabue* fantasy the whole way from Scotland, since the opportunity to study these monuments of a prosperous age, however distasteful they may sometimes prove, is unique and valuable.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

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Venice Film Festival Award for the greatest Italian Film of the year
Directed by PIETRO GERMI
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TELEVISION NOTES

THE English (I will not, as it is Christmas, say the British) take a terrifying delight in plays in which painstakingly ordinary and comfortably placed people say and do very ordinary things in a would-be endearingly humorous way. *All the Year Round* may have had an ill-mannered reception from the ribald "gods" on Election night, but the play seems to me to be written to achieve popularity in precisely the way I have described, and I for one am not concerned whether or no such plays run for days or years. If ordinary people must oust the extraordinary from the stage, instead of occupying their proper place which is in front of the footlights, then let them for God's sake be seen in some extraordinary light—either in a genuine comic, satiric or tragic light. Drama must be at least touched by the extraordinary to generate its peculiar powers. It is for obvious reasons far easier for television to be cosy than the theatre, but during the television production of *All the Year Round* I longed for the smell of brimstone.

Eden End illustrates the point admirably. This could have been a comfortable domestic comedy of the runaway daughter of a comfortable middle-class northern home, returning to the fold, eventually either to stay or leave to the appropriate play of sentiment. Instead it becomes a finely balanced study in special forms of family selfishness. It was given, to my mind, an excellent production by Harold Clayton; an intimate knowledge of this closely interknit group of people stole up on you because you were able to watch them without the intrusion of any production trickery. There were good performances especially by Rachel Gurney, Helen Shingler and Peter Cushing.

A programme like *Picture Page* is a necessary part of any popular television service. It switches its mood from light to serious according to the personality under interview; its editorial policy is that we should meet a cross-section of the interesting people (or the people concerned in promoting interesting things, if you have, like most of the B.B.C.'s viewers, a catholic taste in casual interest). But I have often felt that when a big fish is landed, like Salvador Dali recently, opportunity should be taken to exploit the chances offered. The interview with Dali was terribly flat-footed; nobody, not even Dali, seemed to know what to say. Surely there was a pressing case here for persuading an interviewer with some real knowledge of Dali's work (as well as a good journalist's nice sense of "occasion") to come to the studio to give both us and the artist a more exciting run for our money.

Since we are on the subject of televising special personalities, how effective was the powerful presence of Dr. Lilje, the Bishop of Hanover, in the first televised production of the Midland Region's *Town Forum*, for which a team of four German speakers visited this country to answer questions on the state of Germany today put by members of a Birmingham audience. The audience at home, I imagine, could hardly resist sharing the mounting warmth of those actually present for what this man said and how he said it. Though the session started rather shyly and two members of the team scarcely gave penetrating answers to what was on the whole a good series of questions, the Bishop soon set the pace with the impressive honesty and conviction of his answers.

It is hard to lose an artist like Algernon Blackwood. I do not know if telling stories in person is a lost or dying art, but if it is so, television gives us an excellent excuse for reviving it. Algernon Blackwood was that kind of born story-teller who seems either to be making it all up as he goes along (a delightful feat) or to be telling you something true which he is lifting out of his past experience for your interest. He was an excellent actor, a fine judge of how to create suspense, and not so cavalier with the camera as to make you feel, as some people do who appear a great deal, that he wanted to show off his own ease. He had a face which age had made peculiarly interesting; its lines, folds and creases looked like a very successful piece of character make-up. The B.B.C. should continuously search among our writers of short stories for suitable successors to Algernon Blackwood. They ought not to let the idea of this very personal form of story-telling vanish with its most accomplished artist; it is the very stuff of television.

ROGER MANVELL

THE MOVIES

"Three Telegrams" and "Visit to Picasso," at the Academy
"M," at the London Pavilion
"A Place in the Sun," at the Plaza

Another of those blithe, appealing street-arab adventures (and the Petits Poulbots to be found frisking again at the Everyman), in which the French so naturally excel. The essentials of these pieces are the children themselves, whose seriousness is respected, and a touch of sympathetic imagination. *Three Telegrams* has just enough story to start a ball rolling. The new boy with P.T.T. on his armlet is handed three telegrams in the late afternoon, one of them addressed apparently to the President of the Republic. He blinds into a lorry, and while the chemist is adjusting sticking plaster, his bag disappears. He begins turning over the scraps in the gutter and under café tables, he investigates paper boats, he involves the suspicions of various shoulder-shrugging elders. His urgent little blue messages have been spirited away by a gang for whom it takes more than wooden swords and games of firing squads to fill out an evening. A schoolmaster, a

detective at supper, join in; paper aeroplanes provide a clue. The local fire engine with its long ladder is enormously and surreptitiously brought into play. It all goes with a swing, in which lamplit by-streets, gossip-loving Parisians, and accordion reveries that may wander into Fauré's Pavane, exert a charm. A pleasant enough film could have been worked out with the tracking down of the three telegrams, and the final twist. But then someone sees a shadow in a doorway, the telegraph boy can't be found: he has threatened to drown himself. Off we sail into real adventure, imagination thriving on events. It is just this that lifts the piece out of its routine, and for which we must be grateful to Henri Decoin and his script writer, Alex Joffe. The fifteen minute *Visit to Picasso*, in the same programme, would be worth a journey to Oxford Street in itself. In this brilliant little study, Paul Hessaerts has managed to combine an interview with the master, brush in hand, glimpses of Vallauris and the Antibes Museum, and a rapid interpretation of Picasso's life work. I have never encountered a better exposition of this great and bewildering artist: to watch the life cycle of a Picasso bull or head of a woman is an experience as thrilling as our first discovery through the cinema of growth in plants. Picasso himself executes on an invisible screen, huge brush sketches of fauns, women, goats, doves. He hasn't said a word; his brush talks. Another film of this Belgian director, *From Renoir to Picasso*, is promised from the same cinema.

M is a remake or crib from Lang's atmospheric old shocker, which succeeds in worsening its original at every point; some attempt is made at psychological understanding, but this quickly vanishes in a welter of cops and crooks. George Stevens's *A Place in the Sun* had been so boosted in advance that its showing inevitably disappointed. It falls short of being the American tragedy indicated by Dreiser's title; its character drawing is superficial, there's a terrible drip of demotic music through the love scenes, and only the horror of the supercharged boating "accident" really comes up to specification. Nevertheless, though this is an over-advertised, over-blown thriller, it has strong qualities to balance the weak. Some passages in the camera-work are as darkly striking as others are tediously fulsome; Shelley Winters gives a first-rate performance as the factory girl who won't be cast off; and Montgomery Clift and Elizabeth Taylor complete the trio effectively as lurid-lit puppets of melodrama.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Degas Bronzes, at the R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street

If any reader has never seen these 73 bronzes—there are other sets in Copenhagen and Paris—he must go to this exhibition within the next two days. After that, this collection goes for ever to America. Lesser works attract critical appreciations; great works repel them. Thus, there is hardly anything to be said about these bronzes; they are explicit in themselves and only the biographical facts, some of which are given in the catalogue, are really relevant. For myself I believe that Degas was an even greater modeller than painter and that the best of these statuettes are comparable with certain late Rembrandts and Goyas. They imply the same unself-conscious, almost ruthless compassion, and, having gone beyond any ideal of perfection, remain, as only the greatest works can do, unresolved—which is to say that, having been shaped by the conclusive disciplines of art, they yet remain as heroically inconclusive and therefore, in one sense, as ordinary as the life from which they sprang. Moreover, their power and vitality derive from a truly visual and tactile imagination; they require the support of an armature—but not of ready-made symbols. The serious humanity of one of these figures depends ultimately on the artist's creative observation of a supporting thigh muscle, of the ligament of a knee or of the flat plane inside and just below the hips where there is latent evidence that, nine inches below, the body divides into two legs.

J. B.

"Mother Goose," at the Unity Theatre

No offence i' the world—or almost none, since the Party has its cracker-cap on. The Unity has produced a rollicking, conventional entertainment in which G.I.s and Missing Diplomats, an American general and an infernal machine called "Scum" ring the changes on the traditional themes. I hardly think Moscow would pass the doctrinal purity of this pantomime which shows us the Good Fairy and the Demon King actually fighting for the soul of a Tory Cabinet Minister. Though one occasionally misses Mr. Geoffrey Parsons's savage wit, there are some good and tuneful lyrics. One of them has the slow refrain, "300,000 houses," another could be profitably snapped up by any West End revue producer. An enjoyable evening, which owes most to a superb pantomime Dame, Will Stampe. I predict that if Mr. Stampe could be persuaded to leave Goldington Street, he would be an asset to capitalist variety. He has the authentic cheekie-chappie manner, a richly comic physique and the sharp vitality of a Giles' cartoon. Brooding on this entertainment afterwards, I found myself wondering why Communist propaganda in this country has so little success. Apart from the tasteless anti-Americanisms, the political outlook of this entertainment is merely a slightly jazzed-up version of a *Daily Mirror* Christmas editorial—Peace and Goodwill, a plague on the Tories and an increase in the meat ration! Certainly the central message, "Let's Go In and Have a Good Old Bash!" is a more popular one than most Party slogans.

J. N. B. R.

"Master Crook," at the Comedy

This is an undeniably effective little melodrama, masquerading as a sociological study of juvenile delinquency. Its chief character is an irredeemable little criminal of sixteen, who organises a gang of boys to knock old ladies on the head and steal their handbags. As either a play or a study the piece is ruined by leaving no questions open: we are shown no single sign of a good trait in the boy's character. And since the efforts to do anything about him are quite hopelessly feeble, there is no conflict. The author overweighs the odds by giving him not only an over-indulgent mother, but a probation officer who (unlike any probation officer I've ever met) is a descendant of the old dithery stage parson. Clearly nothing is to be done for the boy; and the only interest offered us is what is to be done *to* him. From early on the author holds out to us the promise of a good belting. Yet as a solution that would, at this stage at least, clearly be ineffective, however successfully it might relieve everyone else's feeling. Still, as mere melodrama, the play has the merits of its species—good, strong scenes, very well contrived curtains and good acting parts. Perhaps there is a little too much stridency all round in the performances. But Mr. James Kenney acts the boy with great virtuosity: Miss Nancy Roberts is excellent as an acid grandmother, and Miss Diana Chesney as an angry slut.

T. C. W.

Correspondence

LET'S FACE THE FUTURE

SIR,—Mr. Dudley Seers, I note, says in a letter to you that "what is contemptible is the pretence by the former and present Chancellors that there is no disagreeable choice between living standards and the rearmament programme."

Possibly the phrase "the former Chancellor" may refer to Mr. Gaitskell. If so, for the sake of historical accuracy, may I remind you that he repeatedly *said* the opposite?

On February 15, in the debate on Defence, for instance, he said that "there must be some absolute reduction" in our standard of living; and on April 10 in the Budget speech: "We have to recognise that there must be some reduction in our standard of living."

And has Mr. Seers forgotten the conclusion of this year's *Economic Survey* that: "At best we face in the immediate future a decline in the rate of increase in the national output, a worsening of the balance of payments, a fall in supplies of some consumer goods, and a continuing rise in prices"—which seems to me, in retrospect, a pretty good description of 1951?

House of Commons. DOUGLAS JAY

MARKET GARDENERS

SIR,—Mrs. Castle's article shows that she has very little knowledge of the practical effects of recent types of import control on market garden produce. For instance, she says that production costs of 9d and 10d per lb for tomatoes at the beginning of May, would lead to a selling price of 3s 6d per lb of a 10 per cent ad valorem duty were imposed. The Labour Party in power did nothing to rationalise marketing, but even under the most chaotic conditions the retail price of a crop is not normally anything like four times its production cost.

Import duties may be the wrong method of planning an orderly market, but most certainly the forms of embargo and quota from which we have suffered recently have had quite unexpected and unintended effects. As an example, in one period, Government and trade planned to import an agreed quantity of broccoli. In fact, almost twice as much was imported as was planned, not because the planned figure proved unsound, but because they forgot the time-lag in the preparation of the Customs returns.

Again, the presence of imported fruit does not necessarily reduce the price to housewives. Some years ago, early English apples of first-rate quality could not be sold in this district because foreign apples had been imported on Government account, and the wholesalers insisted that each retailer should take his fair share. These apples came in at a price allowing them to be sold at between 1s and 1s 3d per lb, whereas the English early apples could have been sold locally at between 3d and 6d per lb. No retailer could afford to put a decent sixpenny apple in the window when he had to take and get rid of an apple at over 1s, and our first-rate early fruit—not Mrs. Castle's windfalls—was obviously unsaleable.

This year there have been cases where a quota was agreed, but the goods were imported in a rush at the beginning of the period in the hope that those responsible for planning could be frightened into increasing the quota. From the point of view of those who live by importing it was good business, and it worked; our planners are easily frightened. Until a better technique is devised for controlling the market, *ad valorem* duties are simple and seem to work.

Mrs. Castle's remarks on the need for better grading and marketing are quite sound. What a pity it is that she could not convince the last Government, which did nothing to rationalise marketing, prohibited the use of many of the containers and wrappings freely available to our foreign competitors, exported the tinplate and sugar needed to preserve our perishable crops, allowed in foreign fruit even when contaminated with arsenic, refused us dollars to buy American capital goods to increase efficiency, and then spent scarce dollars on apples—all the while having the cheek to lecture the home producer on his inefficiency, poor packing, costly marketing and high prices.

J. K. WINSER

Weston Farm,
Petersfield,
Hants.

SOIL AND SOCIALISM

SIR,—With the greater part of Mr. Hyams's article, in which the writer speaks with an authority founded upon the remarkable results he has achieved in his own personal contact with the land, I am in entire agreement, especially in respect of his plea for the rehabilitation of the peasantry. Indeed, I have maintained for a quarter of a century that a free peasantry is and must always be the foundation of any State, nation or community, if it is to have survival value. If the Labour Party were to adopt Mr. Hyams's advice to the end of supporting that restoration, it would certainly have my support.

All the same, it seems to me unfortunate that he should have made a Party issue of something as indispensable to the security and stability of States as a fertile soil itself, that he should have, in consequence, used his vital contention as a stick with which to beat the Conservatives. The fact is that both Parties are equally guilty in the matter; both as products of a purely industrial State favour the proletarian as against the peasant. If it was the landed aristocracy which by the Enclosures was responsible for the dispossession of our native peasantry, yet

Mr. Hyams himself must be fully aware that the Labour Party has, since the failure of Joseph Arch's land-policy for the labourers, been as deeply committed to proletarianism, which by its nature is incompatible with peasant tenure and peasant cultivation. It was the Labour Government which suppressed the Evesham custom.

The whole issue is supremely above and fundamentally below Party politics, as are the earth and the sun and rain that fall upon it. What has to be faced is that industrial civilization itself, whether Conservative, Labour or Communist, is radically hostile to the peasant and to "the mixed farming, the soil conservation and fertility increment" (to quote Mr. Hyams) that a healthy peasant society normally practises and secures. Is it not, for instance, self-evident that science which has created the industrial State and is independent of parties regards the peasant as belonging to an outmoded form of society, as almost the equivalent of the savage and as an impediment to the full development of a more enlightened agriculture? I could quote dozens of illustrations expressing that mentality. The truth is that the general thought of the age is anti-peasant and not until industrialism is itself modified can his value and necessity to the commonwealth be seen in right perspective. That that day will come I am entirely convinced since, as I think Mr. Hyams would agree, the jerry-built substitutes for the intimate interaction between soil and peasant are demonstrably breaking down. But to hope for either or any political Party to make so complete a *volte-face* of its current attitude as to support the settlement of a strong peasantry on the land, this appears to me a chimera. Events, not tactics or strategy, will force this conclusion and then both Parties (if they still exist) will bow to the inevitable. For the peasant is not Labour, he labours on the land; he is not a Conservative, he conserves it.

One further point, if your liberal welcome to a diversity of views will allow me so liberal a space. I am not, writes Mr. Hyams in his very able article, "an advocate of smocks, cottage industries, panpipes, maypoles or quaint dialects." This surely is a misconception. He is thinking in terms of a picturesque pastoralism which has nothing to do with the realities of the situation. But if the forms of peasant recreation in the past be considered, two valid generalisations about them emerge: (1) that a community which lives on and by the land creates its own patterns of entertainment and relaxation and (2) that these patterns are integrally associated with its work. Conceive a new peasantry established; it will in time shape new patterns in conformity with the nature of its soil-experience, just as in the tale, folk-dress and folk-industry were a recreative and complementary expression of its field-work.

Long Crendon H. J. MASSINGHAM

"WESTWARD HO" AND AFTER

SIR,—For some months in 1947 I was Welfare Officer in a big Midlands Camp, where E.V.W.'s, on their arrival in this country, waited to be placed. Here I made the acquaintance of many hundreds of Balts, Ukranians and others. Several of these, mostly Latvians of the professional classes, are now in Canada, Australia and other overseas countries, and in my opinion the reason why a good many E.V.W.'s of this type will not seek to become British citizens is not, as a rule, because they think that one day, after another war, they may be able to return to their own countries (though, unfortunately, it is not only from foreign newspapers that one can get the impression that a third world war is imminent!). Many, though not all, are too much realists for that, but they feel frustrated here because, for one reason or another, they are unable to make full use of their professional qualifications. It is to the greater opportunities available in the U.S., Canada and elsewhere overseas that they naturally look.

Complete "assimilation," especially when the "foreigners" continue to live in groups in hostels, and/or are active in their various national organisations—which would surely be more helpful all round if they could be persuaded to confine themselves to purely cultural activities—is bound to be, as with immigrants everywhere, a very slow business. English people do not make friends easily, and perhaps we do not make enough allowance for the difficulty—especially in the case of older people—of adjustment to a new life in a foreign land, and for the natural tendency of new arrivals in a country to associate and inter-marry with their compatriots. And small cultural differences can often lead, if unexplained in time, to serious and lasting misunderstandings. At our Camp there were a number of expectant mothers who attended the local ante-natal clinic. One day it was noticed that all their left hands were ringless, and the reputation of E.V.W.'s was sinking rapidly when I was able to save it by explaining the Continental custom of wearing the wedding-ring on the right hand. Right hands were then unobtrusively inspected and all was well. But it might not have been. G. M. CROSS

Woolmer Green,
Knebworth, Herts.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Leather's article "Westward Ho," may I draw your attention to a similar problem, though by now twelve years old. It is that of the Central European "Refugee from Nazi oppression," i.e., it concerns the many thousands of Germans, Austrians and Czechs who came to this country in 1938/39. Most of them have by now acquired British nationality and appear to have fitted themselves well into the appropriate social strata equivalent to their former Continental ones. They are accepted in the towns they now live in, by the professions they represent and in the general business world. Yet they still tend to cling to each other by living in the same districts and keeping to their native tongue.

Speaking for myself as one who came over here as a child and whose education was completed in England, I find that assimilation has worked in so far as that my outlook towards politics and general social aspects is decidedly British; so much so as to make me feel a stranger indeed when travelling again on the Continent. Yet my social life is largely spent amongst (as a Liberal Party canvasser delicately put it) "New Citizens," and I also married another refugee. When with a party of Britishers at times I still feel alien; when with only my own people I often long for English company.

I believe all this can best be summed up by quoting the preface of Erich Maria Remarque's book *Flotsam*: "To live without roots takes a stout heart." For we are all of us uprooted and it takes a lifetime for a tree to grow again. LILLI BARBER

7 Ranworth Mansions,
Compayne Gardens, N.W.6.

INDIAN ELECTIONS

SIR,—Your interesting article on the above subject rather surprisingly made no reference to the important fact that the Indian Socialist Party is veering strongly in the direction of the Gandhian economy. This, of course, is based on the well-integrated, agro-industrial and largely self-sufficient village, or what Gandhi later described as "village republics." Centralised industry would be chiefly concerned with supplying the small-scale machinery and the power which such villages would require. The new industrial techniques thus foreshadowed have yet to be evolved, and to this task the technicians would be invited to devote themselves. The Indian Socialist's Manifesto indicates the change:

> Villages will not be just agricultural communities. Rural industries and decentralised processes even of larger-scale industries may be reserved for rural artisans. . . . If the State is to function in a democratic way it is imperative that as large a number of peasants as possible be associated with the administrative machinery. . . . The commonalty of the State is to be so organised, and sovereign power so diffused that each little community in it lives the way of life it chooses. It will mean that village panchayats (Councils) will have pivotal place in the new set-up. Above the panchayats there will be three layers of administrative bodies: regional, state and union. The panchayats . . . would be the main local agency for execution of the various Government programmes affecting the welfare of villagers.

Furthermore, in a recent article in the Bulletin of the Socialist International—"The Pattern of Indian Socialism—Gandhism and Socialism"—Mr. J. Narayan, President of the I.S.P., defended the Gandhian economy as "a concrete programme of basic social revolution." He defended three basic principles in Gandhism: its ethical basis and insistence on the higher values; its revolutionary, non-violent techniques, and its insistence on economic and political decentralisation.

In another issue of this Bulletin, Dr. R. Lohia, Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the I.S.P., had an article on "Socialists' Struggle for Peace in Asia—The Indian Socialist View"—in which he argued that a peace policy for Asia would have to be connected with the urge for economic advancement now everywhere existent in Asia. He, too, comes down on the side of Gandhi in the defence of non-violence as an effective revolutionary weapon, and of the Gandhian economy. He adds:—

> The cleverest of foreign policies is stupid unless it is linked up with the endeavour to create a new international force in two-thirds of the world.

As Mr. Julius Braunthal, the Secretary of the Socialist International, stated in a recent letter in the *Manchester Guardian*, Dr. Lohia has proposed "the creation of a 'Third Force' in the field of International policy, a block of Asian States aligned with neither the Atlantic nor the Soviet Russian camp."

Orchard Lea, WILFRED WELLOCK
New Longton, Preston.

EDUCATION COSTS

SIR,—We would refer to prevalent reports concerning the recent Ministry of Education circular 242 relating to economies in education expenditure.

The National Union of Students views this circular with very considerable concern—not only because of specific points contained therein but more especially because of the general implications as foreshadowed in the last paragraph, which referred to the Minister as "in the meantime, reviewing the possibility of securing economies in the field of expenditure on services financed directly by the Exchequer."

Whatever may be the arguments for or against overall increases in education expenditure, there can be no question that decreases should be opposed in all quarters. All-round cuts which may well be aimed at reducing unessentials almost invariably, if involuntarily, affect "the essential fabric of the education service" itself.

At a time when so many students are dependent on the Local Education Authorities for their education and maintenance it is regrettable that the Minister has seen fit to give a lead to such Authorities to effect cuts.

On the contrary rising costs indicate a need for increases in overall expenditure if the present position of education is to be maintained, and any suspicion of decreases, especially in the sphere of numbers and values of awards (as seem likely to be encountered in the "separate guidance" yet to be issued), will be resolutely opposed by all people who feel for the future well-being of the country in which higher education plays so vital a part.

The Minister should immediately clear away all suspicions and doubts by giving assurances:—

1. That adequate financial assistance will be available to give immediate effect to the Working Party recommendation on student population.
2. That there will be no departure from the recommendations to Local Authorities outlined in Administrative Memoranda No. 332.
3. That there will be no return to the policy of giving loans to students in lieu of grants.

Without such assurances the Government's educational policy will be seriously questioned.

JOHN M. THOMPSON,
President.

The National Union of Students,
3, Endsleigh Street,
London, W.C.1.

WAMERU EVICTIONS

SIR,—May I reply to the letter published in your issue of December 15, about the Wameru evictions?

1. In their memorandum to the Trusteeship Council, the Wameru give details of successive meetings with District Commissioners at which they made it clear that they were opposed to removal from their tribal lands and determined to resist, but were told that this was the decision and they would have to go.

2. The Colonial Office and your correspondent claim that the land is semi-arid and unsuitable for cultivation. The Wameru deny this. However, if the Colonial Office is correct, then land which is suitable for cattle-farming by Europeans is suitable also for cattle-farming by Africans. It seems that the determining factor here is the acceptance of the underlying principle that European and African areas should be separate and homogeneous.

3. The alternative land provided for the tribe may be larger in area, but they claim that it is tsetse-infested. This has not, so far as I know, been denied by the Government, and remains to be proved or disproved.

4. The compensation being offered may be adequate, but the amount will be decided by the Governor, and there is no provision for appeal if it is not acceptable.

5. I regret having mistakenly said that 3,000 "families" were being evicted, where I should have said 3,000 "tribesmen." Miss Nicholson is correct in her criticism here.

6. The petition from the Wameru was presented to the United Nations Organisation in August. Prior to any meeting of the Trusteeship Council which could consider the case, the Government proceeded with the evictions. This has been discussed with the highest officials of the United Nations Organisation who took the view that this was contrary to Trusteeship principles since the appeal was still *sub judice*.

The whole approach of the Government ignores the deep attachment of the African people to their land, and the suspicion which has been created by alienation of land in favour of Europeans in Southern and East Africa, especially in neighbouring Kenya.

Miss Nicholson deplores the difficulties which confront all sections in devising a satisfactory land policy, but this is inevitable under a political system which denies the majority of the people any say in the Government of their country.

Finally, some of the colonial people feel that, with the Labour Government no longer in office, the time has come for the Fabian Bureau to cease acting as the defender of official colonial policy.

ROLENE SZUR

Congress of Peoples
Against Imperialism

FOR ADULTS ONLY

SIR,—One of the channels of film publicity considered of particular importance in the industry is that between distributor and exhibitor. Along it flows a constant stream of glossy literature designed ultimately for public consumption in the "puff" columns which local newspapers concede in consideration of cinema advertising. Even during periods of serious paper shortage, this enormous output of expensive brochures, lavishly produced and illustrated, is maintained. Distributors apparently consider that the infinitesimal proportion of "plug" material which eventually reaches the potential patrons of local palaces amply justifies the production of the whole.

Such efforts, though manifestly wasteful, might be deemed innocent enough if they did not include a blatantly amoral exposition of how public gullibility can best be made to serve the pyramidal financial interests of the film industry. This advice, of course, is directed to cinema managers as a basis for those wearisome campaigns ("Persuade your local gown-shop to feature the numbers worn by Miss Blank...") so familiar in the provinces. It is by no means intended to filter undiluted to the public. Whatever would the innocent filmgoer make of this piece of cynicism delivered on a campaign sheet by the distributors of a recent X-certificated picture?—"The words 'For Adults Only' should be billed very large. There are very few pictures which you can advertise in this manner, therefore cash in on the opportunity for all you are worth and reap big rewards at the box office." COLIN WATSON

13 Burnfoot Terrace,
Whitley Bay, Northumberland.

SPANISH DEMOCRATS

SIR,—It has now been officially announced from Madrid that 27 of the leaders of the Barcelona general strike of March last, who were arrested during June and July last, are shortly to be tried by court-martial.

It will be remembered that in 1947, Agustin Zoroa and Lucas Nuno, together with 23 other Spanish democrats accused of "military rebellion" and guerilla activities were brought before a similar form of court-martial. After a travesty of a trial in which Zoroa was prevented from concluding his defence and forcibly removed from the court and during which approximately four minutes each was allowed for the case of the other defendants, five were condemned to death. Three of the death sentences were commuted but Agustin Zoroa and Lucas Nuno were executed on the morning of December 29, 1947.

Because of the grave fears entertained for the safety of these Barcelona strike leaders, among whom is Gregorio Lopez Raimundo, leader of the United Socialist Party of Catalonia, the initiative is being taken by the undersigned in the formation of a Defence Committee on behalf of these Spanish democrats.

Those who are interested in aiding this humanitarian work or lending their support in any way to the campaign to save the lives of Gregorio Lopez Raimundo and his companions are asked to communicate with Mrs. Leah Manning, 9, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

GEOFFREY BING — LEAH MANNING
DR. S. W. JEGER — BASIL DAVIDSON
MAURICE ORBACH — JACK STANLEY

PROFESSOR DICKINSON

SIR,—May I claim the hospitality of your columns to pay tribute to the work of a British educationist, Professor E. C. Dickinson, who died at Oxford last Monday at the age of 59.

Dickinson went out to India more than a quarter of a century ago, serving as Professor of English, first at Aligarh, then at Lahore, and after the partition, in West Pakistan at Peshawar and Bahawalpur. But those who had the privilege of being his students, many of them to-day distinguished figures in literary and cultural fields in India and Pakistan, would agree that these details of his career provide no adequate measure of his achievement. He not only brought to the teaching of English a quality of sympathy and imaginative initiative, notwithstanding all the discouragements of an almost soulless system of education; he did much to awaken interest in the cultural and artistic heritage of India. Finally, much is owed him because his personality formed one of those human bridges of understanding which link peoples; and because he loved India and her people, their ideals and aspirations. Even during years of acute political tension, he was never a stranger in India.

Hampstead. IQBAL SINGH

FELLOW-TRAVELLING

SIR,—Reporting the Palme Dutt—R. H. S. Crossman debate, Critic ends with the brilliant crack, "You could almost hear the fellow-travellers changing trains." While appreciating the wit, I couldn't help feeling that this is the sort of thing that can be said, but not written.

The cause of this comment was that Palme Dutt was not "prepared to admit that the Kremlin could ever be wrong"; but why should Mr. Dutt's extreme enthusiasm make fellow-travellers suddenly change trains and cease to work for an understanding between West and East or cease to fight against the whipped-up antagonisms from both sides? In any case, was this the first time they had ever encountered an extreme partisan?

Critic is, I should have thought, too understanding a man to mistake Mr. Dutt's quixotism for the bigotry of an established caste, whether it is of the Kremlin, Transport House, or the Pentagon. Fellow-travellers are not, we hope, so weak that they can be deflected from their pacific role so easily; they are not restless train-changers, fence-sitters or hysterical partisans at a Cup-tie Final, but *fellow-travellers*, the very people whom one expects to shun extreme partisanship themselves, while trying to bring the extremists together. At least, that is what I, a traveller on a Liberal ticket, have always believed. ADRIAN BRUNEL

Bulstrode Way, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.

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Books in General

"I HAVE a kind of strange feeling," confided Boswell to a private notebook, "as if I wished nothing to be secret that concerns myself." Wrapped in a magnificent "great coat of green camlet lined with foxskin fur," holding under his arm a "hat with sollid gold lace, at least with the air of being sollid," he had bounced across the threshold of Jean-Jacques Rousseau's modest hermitage several years earlier; but he had not then studied the *Confessions* (which were withheld from the public till 1781); and the two great masters of autobiographical writing would seem to have reached the same conclusion by entirely separate paths. Since Boswell's autobiography, composed of numerous letters, diaries and brilliant fragmentary personal sketches, has not yet been published in full, it was the *Confessions* that influenced the nineteenth century and encouraged writer after writer to endeavour to lay bare his inmost heart. Baudelaire did not live to complete *Mon Coeur Mis à Nu*, the terrible volume that, had it ever been published, would, so he informed his mother, have roused against him the whole human race; but we have still literary surgeons sharpening their knives to probe the maladies of their own souls. At home, our revered "Palinurus" may even now be preparing some new essay in imaginative self-analysis. Abroad, André Gide has only just put down his scalpel.

The last operation Gide performed was among the deepest and the cruellest. *Et Nunc Manet in Te, suivi de Journal Intime*,* of which a private edition limited to thirteen copies came out in 1947, is a discursion on his married life, followed by certain extracts, previously suppressed, from his private journal. Gide shared Boswell's hankering to leave nothing that concerned himself behind a veil of "good taste"; and, having been at work on a self-portrait since he first took pen in hand, he evidently decided at the close of his career that some details of his personal conduct had not yet been thoroughly exhibited. It was a characteristic decision, revealing the odd mixture of sensitiveness and ruthlessness—both carried to remarkable extremes—that seems to have distinguished him throughout his long existence. A "man of feeling" in the eighteenth-century style, he combined the exquisite, at times mawkish, sensibility of a Jean-Jacques Rousseau with the clinical curiosity of a modern scientist; and, though the present book has a slightly repulsive side—he is almost painfully in earnest, positively lachrymose in his determination to hold nothing back and abandon every comforting reticence—it is redeemed by the dispassionate skill with which he rends the veil apart. Already he had told us much. In *L'Immoraliste* and *Si le grain ne meurt* he had portrayed some agonising stages in the lengthy process of self-discovery, and had explained how his inborn puritanism came into conflict with passions that he could neither suppress nor excuse: how, in short, he confronted the manifold problems raised by his homosexual temperament. Amid sensual adventures he was still the puritan; but he could never accept the puritan code, or subscribe to a conviction that the pleasures he pursued were necessarily worthless and degrading. The Immoralist did not lose his way; he discovered what for him was the inevitable and proper course, though by doing so he destroyed his relationship with the woman to whom he owed his life.

Marceline, the heroine of *L'Immoraliste*, is calm, unselfish, virtuous, prudent. "*Mais qu'avais-je besoin de tranquille bonheur? Celui que me donnait et que représentait pour moi Marceline, était comme un repos pour qui ne se sent pas fatigué.*" Marceline, one guessed, was drawn from the author's wife; and, in this footnote to his novels, Gide stresses her affinity with the type of woman whom he had so often depicted—the pure-minded sisterly companion, doomed to be made miserable by the restless adventures of the man whom she attempts to save, who never ceases to admire her purity, though, owing to the tempestuous exigencies of his own nature, he finds he cannot profit by it. Such, apparently, was the secret history of Gide's tormented married life. As a young and comparatively innocent man, he had proposed to his cousin, a charming and attractive girl. He had had doubts; but he was reassured by a doctor, whose medical worldly wisdom proved entirely valueless; and he is at considerable pains to make it clear to the reader that his marriage, from the beginning, involved very little physical contact. Madeleine aroused devotion: she could not awake desire. Her mother had disgraced the family name; and Madeleine had therefore a scrupulous aversion from any form of irregular conduct. She belonged to the same spotless category as the woman whom hitherto he had known and loved best "*. . . ma mère d'abord . . . Mademoiselle Shackleton . . . mes tantes Claire et Lucile, modèles de décence, d'honnêteté, de réserve, à qui le prêt du moindre trouble de la chair eût fait injure*"; and it did not occur to him to associate her in any sensual reverie. For his sensuality worked through the brain; and, since imagination exalted his wife, he could not envisage any sensual gesture that might have tended to drag her down. Had he been less imaginative, he might have been more compassionate. For, after all, pondered the elderly widower, Madeleine, too, may have had emotions—even passions—that she did not confess and he had never sought to gratify:

Comme elle me paraissait toute âme et, de corps, toute fragilité, je n'estimais pas que ce fût la priver beaucoup, de lui soustraire une partie de moi, que je comptais pour d'autant moins importante que je ne pouvais pas la lui donner . . . Entre nous, jamais une explication ne fut tentée. De sa part, jamais une plainte; rien qu'une résignation muette . . .

Were the book merely a story of discord—between a cold, pious, long-suffering woman and a restless, inquisitive and sensual man—even as related by Gide it would be only moderately absorbing. In fact, it possesses a stronger appeal; for it describes not a gradual dissociation but a continuous obsession, and shows the spiritual hold exerted by Madeleine over a famous husband of whom she could never bring herself to approve, but whom she never renounced or upbraided. In his life she was the embodiment of Conscience—the conscience to which he had been taught to harken during the days of his sheltered Protestant childhood; she represented an aspect of his own character to which he had been repeatedly, deliberately, often rapturously untrue, but which, at the moments of his greatest infidelity, he did not fail to respect and cherish. It was a question not simply of loving his wife, but of being unable to refrain from paying allegiance to the standards that she symbolised. She was a "part of himself" in the most accurate sense of the phrase; and, when her physical presence was removed, as her emotional support had been removed at a far more distant period, the apostle of pagan self-fulfilment felt broken and deserted and old. . . .

In his apologia—if that is the correct term—Gide tells first of the death of his wife, how he received the news and how the shock affected him: then discusses their hidden relationship, and gives some pathetic glimpses of the misadventures of the *voyage de noces*. Until he produced *Les Faux Monnayeurs*, every book that he published contained some reflection of Madeleine; "*j'ai tout écrit pour la convaincre, pour l'entraîner. Tout cela n'est qu'un long plaidoyer.*" But, although his books were addressed to her, she did not always cut the pages. If she did, she knew that she would disapprove; moreover, she felt that she had no right to attempt to sway his judgment. Thus she retreated into mute resignation, reinforced by moral obstinacy, living alone at his country house—whither a mysterious spell kept incessantly pulling him back—spending her days in meaningless domestic duties and dismally comfortless good works. At this point the novelist arises. I do not mean that the narrative smacks of fiction, but that the vignette-picture of Madeleine at Cuverville is drawn with all the delicacy of a highly practised storyteller:

Sans cesse affairée, elle trottait d'un pas menu d'un bout à l'autre de la maison ou du jardin; on la voyait passer, souriante mais insaisissable, et j'obtenais à grand'peine qu'elle m'accordât une heure pour une lecture souvent interrompue par une des bonnes qui venait lui demander aide ou conseil . . .

Gentle, if not indulgent, towards others, she was intolerably harsh towards herself. Every day, in all weathers, she would go out to neighbouring farmyards to feed starving dogs and stray cats:

Elle allait ainsi, tenant gauchement devant elle dans ses mains mues une énorme bassine où refroidissait la pâtée qu'elle leur avait préparée. Ses mains offertes à la gelée, à la pluie . . . je les voyais s'ablmer de jour en jour davantage, devenir toujours plus impropres à tous autres travaux que les plus vulgaires . . .

This obstinate course of self-immolation went on year by year, possibly strengthening rather than weakening, though he constantly protested against the harm she did herself, her obsessive hold upon her husband's mind. Was he still hoping for sympathy, forgiveness, for some understanding that would symbolise the

*Et Nunc Manet in Te, suivi de Journal Intime. By ANDRÉ GIDE. *Ides et Calendes*. Neuchatel & Paris.

ultimate reconciliation of the two personalities at war within his own nature? But Madeleine declined to give way—"*Rien de bon ne peut sortir de là*," she used to remark coldly and succinctly of any line of behaviour that did not conform to her moral code; and at length, when both were ageing, the final and most dreadful blow fell. She burned the whole collection of letters that he had written her since his early youth. "*Elle a fait cela, m'a-t-elle dit, sitôt après mon départ pour l'Angleterre. Oh! je sais bien qu'elle a souffert atrocement de mon départ avec Marc; mais devait-elle se venger sur le passé? . . .*" The results of this symbolic gesture—of this ritual punishment, one might say—were profound and lingering. The victim's grief was beyond all measure, and he expresses it in immoderate terms. Probably the pain she inflicted—Madeleine obviously was not a vindictive woman—went much deeper beneath the surface than she either expected or could have understood; and the lull that followed the storm had never the beauty of real peace. As he stood beside her death-bed, it was her gravity, her look of austere distinction, he noted above all else—"*de sorte . . . que le dernier regard que je portais sur elle devait me rappeler, non point son ineffable tendresse, mais le sévère jugement qu'elle avait dû porter sur ma vie.*" Again genius must retire discomfited. Inflexible virtue had had the last word. PETER QUENNELL

NECROPHAGY

The jelly baby is a kind of sweet,
It actually has eyes;
And held up to the light its little corpse
Bears the transparencies
And flaws of realer size.

These soft smooth bodies lie in heaps, and if
One is picked up the rest
Tend to cling to it in mixed attitudes,
So first you must divest
The victim of the nest.

Some eat the jelly baby whole but most
Dismember it at leisure,
For, headless, there is no doubt that it gives
A reasonable measure
Of unexampled pleasure.

About the jelly baby other things
Occur to me: the fact
That eating it brings back the feelings of
Our infancy; the act
Of choosing black with tact;

And finally that in its rigid arms
Held close against its side,
And absolute identity with others,
Its pathos and fate reside,
That else it had not died.

ROY FULLER

THE WIND HARBOUR

A gale day, where the straight masts perform
Their halos and hellos to balance the sun.

Noon lashes a hunchback, and segments
Of boats have colours at their throats.

Evening the colour of a gull's wing
Hangs tall and ornamental above the steeple.

The bed goes, the wolf wind whines,
And sounds as hounds whelp in the darkness.

Let the pauper lover bundle his pleasure.
What he has kissed, he has kissed well.

NORMAN LEVINE

THE GILDED CAGE

Recollections of Three Reigns. By SIR FREDERICK PONSONBY *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s.*

Courtiers, like old soldiers in the song, never die. They merely fade away, renewing themselves, phœnix-like, in each generation. Once their profession formed the apex of society, but the modern world has changed their status and imposed on them its own grey limitations. Yet courtiership is somehow ageless and instead of becoming an anachronism, they have merely shifted their ground. In the West, courtiers are our only true Brahmins and the tranquil withdrawn look that one so often sees on the faces of those who accompany royalty to public functions is the outward expression of an intense, inward experience. They are keepers of the temple, guardians of the mystery and in spite of Sir James Frazer and his successors, not even the most intelligent of them has ever entirely rationalised his profession. If the magic remains potent for so many of us it is because its manipulators have never allowed their powers to become mere *mystique*.

Impalpable and pervasive, tactful, devoted and anonymous, the good courtier would seem to be born without a face. That is, until he writes his memoirs. Then a Hervey or a Saint-Simon suddenly leaps out at us and stands silhouetted like the demon king, the spluttering firecrackers of his genius lighting up years of spite and boredom, the long heartache of precedence and the gnawing pains of royal favour withheld. Sir Frederick Ponsonby was no Saint-Simon. History and his own genial temperament spared him the splendours and miseries of Versailles or Marly. His world—the green terraces of Sandringham, the dank woods of Balmoral, the chintzy ugliness of Osborne—was stuffier, cosier, and more domestic. His crosses—the old Queen's implacableness, King Edward's rages, the steady antagonism of Knollys—were smaller than earlier courtiers had to bear. Yet, psychologically, life with the House of Hanover was much the same as life at Schönbrunn, El Escorial or Tsarkoe-Selo. There was the same crazy logic, the same fussy *Alice-Through-the-Looking-Glass* pattern. Sir Frederick has distilled its essence beautifully. He has done more, he has captured the surrounding *accidia*. Reading these vivid, witty, intensely amusing but politically reticent pages, one has the impression that forty years of suppressed yawning are being smothered behind a large white glove.

The son of Queen Victoria's favourite and greatest private secretary, "Fritz" entered the Household at 26. That was in the Bad Old Days. The royal archives lay unsorted at Windsor and the Balmoral staff quarters were often awash with spirits. The assistant secretary made a bad beginning by telling her Majesty a home-truth about her Munshi. "To mark her displeasure with me the Queen did not ask me to dinner for a year." He watched her with her Ministers, noting how she enjoyed her conversations with Mr. Chamberlain ("she felt it was like talking to a wild man who has been tamed"), how solicitous she was with Lord Salisbury, how stratagem had to be resorted to when Mr. Balfour wanted to play golf on a Sunday.

The bugbear of Ponsonby's life was the Birthday Book. Everyone the Queen met had to write in it and the omission to secure signatures after a dinner-party might mean as many as 40 generals, colonels, etc., having to be summoned by bicycle. After the Queen had heard Sarah Bernhardt recite at Nice,

> I instinctively felt this was a case for the Birthday book and . . . I produced the book and asked Sarah Bernhardt to sign her name. She startled me by insisting on kneeling down on the floor to write. Then she took up nearly the whole of one page by writing, "*le plus beau jour de ma vie*," and signed it with a flourish. . . . To my surprise I got no marks . . . I ought to have used the artists' book and I ought to have prevented her taking up the whole page.

Ponsonby had to go back to the theatre, sit through *La Tosca* and tackle Sarah in her dressing-room, where the ceremony was witnessed by "two dressers, two sort of ladies-in-waiting, the secretary and another, whom I took to be the lover."

"We all feel motherless to-day," wrote Henry James in 1901. "We are to have no more of little mysterious Victoria, but instead fat, vulgar dreadful Edward." One feels that "Fritz" must have hailed the change with a sigh of relief. The new monarch confirmed his appointment and from now on his career blossomed and expanded. He went everywhere with the king, to Marienbad and Homburg, to Paris, Berlin and Christiana. His portrait of Edward VII is one of the most sympathetic that we have been given. This is not the cruel, guttural practical-joker of Mr. Sykes's study but a sympathetic, generous sovereign, showering silver cigarette cases and, more discriminately, C.V.O.s, on his associates, handicapped only by his sixteen stone, uncontrollable temper and mania for decorations. The baccarat Prince Charming has turned into the tetchy after-dinner bridge-player, the hero of a thousand period *contretemps*. In this second section of Sir Frederick's reminiscences the fun is fastest and most furious. Princess Daisy of Pless and her throat specialist, Provost Hornby's awkwardness during the royal visit to Eton, the king's efforts to smoke a pipe, his treatment of the golf pro from Hunstanton, his constant muddles with the Garter—all this adds to the golden, randy legend. We glimpse it all through a haze of blue cigar smoke and the bouquet of old brandy. Off-stage, Gottlieb's band plays waltzes in the gallery. No wonder Mr. H. E. Wortham called his book on King Edward *The Delightful Profession*.

One takes leave of these memoirs feeling that "Fritz," for all his charm and devotion, was only half the man his father was. Mr. Welch, who has edited the book admirably, with a minimum of astringent notes, declares that "Sir Frederick felt that political issues had on the whole been sufficiently discussed elsewhere and he passes lightly over them except where he can throw fresh light on the participants or their motives." Such instances are rare and Ponsonby cannot be said to show much political sagacity in these pages. One has only to compare his account of King Edward's visit to the Tsar at Reval in 1908 with that given by Mr. Harold Nicolson in his father's biography to realise the difference between a trained diplomat's view of a State occasion and the same event as recorded by a witty but unperceptive member of the entourage.

JOHN RAYMOND

THE RETREAT FROM JEFFERSON

The Loyalty of Free Men. By ALAN BARTH. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

The American tradition of dissent has rested upon Jefferson's thesis that the proper remedy for bad opinions is not punishment but good opinions. It is this tradition, expressed nobly and courageously in this century by such great Americans as Mr. Justice Holmes and Professor Chafee, that is now threatened by those whom Mr. Barth calls "Americanists." Conformity is taking the place of toleration as a social virtue; hysteria replaces reason; and the test of loyalty is no longer a citizen's behaviour but the ideas he holds, has held, or is thought likely to hold in the future. How far this process has gone has recently been illustrated by President Truman's inability to establish the impartial review board he desired to supervise internal security measures: the attempt was foiled by Senator McCarran, the author of the Internal Security Act vetoed by the President but carried by Congress against the veto. Senator McCarran, who seems to be succeeding Senator McCarthy as the leading "Americanist" (since even diehard Republicans began to find McCarthyism so extreme as to be embarrassing) is perhaps the foremost advocate of security through suppression.

The theme of Mr. Barth's brave and searching book might indeed be summarised as Jefferson

versus McCarran. It is a sober analysis of the decline of American liberties during the last four years, and of the damage that fear is doing to individuals and to American democracy. Mr. Barth, who is an editorial writer on the *Washington Post*, is convinced that the techniques and the temper of anti-Communism offer a much more serious challenge to individual freedom in the United States than the Communists at whom the campaign is nominally directed. Hysteria, he points out, is no handicap to espionage, which can be countered more effectively in silence than in the blare of publicity. The same is true of sabotage; and only a scared idiot could believe that the American Communists seek in practice the violent overthrow of the U.S. Government, although their leaders are being systematically convicted of advocating or teaching the advocacy of revolution. As Professor Chafee says in his admirable foreward to this book:

> Incipient fascism (under other names) is much stronger among us—many more citizens long to use illegal force to defend vested economic or racial interests than to imitate the Soviet Union. However, there is no need to worry about fascism either. The biggest danger to the United States is from stuffed shirts—stuffed shirts in positions of authority who seek to fill every government office and every teaching position with stuffed shirts.

This, in fact, is the tone of Mr. Barth's book. He does not match panic with panic. He coolly takes each facet of anti-Communism, examines its origins, its impact, and its consequences for American democracy. There is, for instance, a devastating study of the way that Congressional Committees have assumed the twin roles of inquisitor and judge, though denying their victims the guarantees the Constitution sought to provide for them in the courts. Punishment for unpopular ideas may be by publicity, which can destroy an individual's reputation and livelihood without ever giving him his day in court. Or he can be brought to court for contempt or perjury because he has committed no other crime for which he can be indicted under the law.

But Mr. Barth does not confine himself to the abuses for which certain Congressional Committees have been notably to blame. He goes much farther and calls the whole of the Government loyalty programme into question. While, after three years' operation up to the middle of last year, only 225 civil servants have been pricked for disloyalty out of a total of more than twelve thousand investigated—a figure often cited by apologists to show the moderation of this purge—Mr. Barth believes that the damage done by this process greatly outweighs the risks that toleration would have run. "It leaves," he says, "its mark on those who survive it as well as on those who do not. It leaves its mark, indeed, on the whole character of the government." Among other things, it deters men of ability from entering official service and discourages independence of mind among those who remain in it. More, Mr. Barth suggests that once the Administration gave way on the principle of loyalty investigations, it breached the dam of liberty so that the river of McCarthyism might flow through: "All that McCarthy did was to carry to its cynical extreme the debasement of American values begun by the administration for lofty purposes." And once this happened, the polluted water was bound to mix in the mainstream of American life, poisoning the universities, the professions, and the cinema, the theatre and the publishing world.

I know of no other book which gives so fair and restrained a picture of what sterile and stupid anti-Communism is doing to the United States. Mr. Barth never overstates his case. He appeals not to emotions but to common sense; and his argument is buttressed throughout by a painstaking summary of the facts. He is aware of the risks he asks his country to run. But he is even more conscious of the dangers it is courting by allowing the "Americanists" to corrupt and destroy its liberties. One lesson is outstandingly important to us in Britain. Once prejudice masters fact, then as Mr. Barth points out, "we shall end by formulating policy on the basis of fancies instead of facts. Nothing could be more perilous to our national security." This, to me, is the overwhelming argument for sanity.

There are some signs that McCarthy and his friends may at last have gone too far in the United States, and that a healthy reaction—in which this book should play a leading part—has begun against the stupidities and dangers of the witch-hunt. Much damage has been done in the past four years. But it can be repaired. We, in Britain, can help repair it if we learn from the experience Mr. Barth so graphically describes. For that reason, I most strongly urge his book upon British readers.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

BELIEVING

Angry Young Man. By LESLIE PAUL. *Faber*. 18*s*.

Believing. Had not Mr. Henry Green annexed for his own books the present participle as a title, Mr. Paul might have used this word to convey the essence of the story of his life. He chose instead to present himself as a young man living under the spell of another power: Anger.

The keenness of his sense of the world's injustice fills him with anger. Why should a boy of his own age pick his pocket on the beach? How can a brother refuse to help a destitute sister? Why should his father be thrown aside like a husk by society to drink himself through despondency to death? Why should a charlady choose rather to die of hunger than to go on the parish? As he muses on these questions, he turns pale with anger. And are not the very men who pretend to answer them dishonest as well? "How could I accept his argument that nature was alien to man? Every cell of my body revolted." Or again, "When I read with scorn and rage the account of the ludicrous trial of Zelensky, I became the opponent of Soviet Russia." Turgenev knew his state of mind well. Writing of his Nihilist heroine, he said:

> Mariana belonged to a special class of unhappy persons. . . . Justice satisfies them but does not rejoice them, while injustice, which they are terribly swift to detect, revolts them to the very depths of their being. . . .

What is to be Done? Mr. Paul found an answer similar to that of Lenin. "I lost my soul to movements when I was quite a tiny boy." The answer is to find a set of beliefs which not only explains the cause of injustice, in general as well as in particular, but which also suggests the remedy. Unless life can be explained in a series of interlocking principles, it remains formless and unjust. Believing makes it meaningful. Mr. Paul tells us the history of his beliefs from the day when, as a boy in Aldgate, he joined the Scouts, seceded from them to the Kibbo Kift, broke with them to form his own youth movement, the Woodcraft Folk, to the day during the war when he accepted Christianity. In the Twenties the revolution was to take place in the souls of the young. But pacificism, materialism, vegetarianism and educational theories gave way in the Thirties to anti-Fascism, Marxism and finally, most hopeless of all positions, Marxist anti-Marxism; and then came the revolt from "the malice, envy and social hatreds which were the contemporary fruits of what had begun as a struggle to redeem man from these things." With exceptional honesty Mr. Paul reflects on all these beliefs, estimates their insufficiency and shows how the tide swept him and other Progressives along; and although primarily an analyst, he is able by the power of his prose to make the reader feel what it is like to tremble with rage and to think that evil can be cured by believing.

Mr. Paul has been vaccinated with education and the vaccine has taken. It was self-administered and hence all the more severe. His is the strength of the best self-educated men in that, unlike the majority of those who go through the regular academic mill, he never stops reading, thinking and revising his premises and conclusions. His restless questioning mind drives

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him on and ultimately separates him from his friends. An unbearable sense of loneliness pervades the pages of his book—a loneliness which membership of no movement or group can assuage and which leaves him in the end solitary and defiant. This loneliness suggests that the book may be read in a different way. Mr. Paul presents his life in terms of the progress of his opinions which, he believes, have changed as he grew wiser and sought for more adequate explanations of the way the world works. But his opinions may well appear to the reader to be relatively unimportant, the effluvia of a strong and intransigent temperament, not without nobility, expressing its dissatisfaction with the world and imposing itself relentlessly on other people through whatever opinions are for the time being most convenient. NOEL ANNAN

MEDITERRANEAN ISLANDS

The Orphaned Realm. JOURNEYS IN CYPRUS. By PATRICK BALFOUR. *Percival Marshall.* 18s.

The Gulf of Pleasure. By ALAN ROSS. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15s.

Cyprus, celebrated by early travellers as the birthplace of Aphrodite and the scene of a spectacular conversion by St. Barnabas and St. Paul, is particularly rich in the drama and magic which may inspire the best books of travel. Egyptians, Greeks, Phœnicians, Assyrians and Persians, Alexander the Great and Ptolemy, the Romans, Richard Cœur de Lion, the Franks, Venetians and Turks conquered it in turn before it finally slid under peaceful British domination. The Greek gods, it is said, hurled its mountains into place in the excesses of their rage; it was the prostitution-centre of the ancient world; saints performed miracles there, were martyred and miraculously saved, knights warred and died for wealth and love, Christian monks were ridden to death by a Turkish pasha with whips and bits and spurs. There can be few countries that can point to a past infused with so much faith and heroism, violence and passion. Relics of this fabulous history decorate a landscape remarkably beautiful, even in the Mediterranean: medieval turrets rise from craggy ranges in sites, worthy, as Mr. Balfour observes, of Wagner, frescoed Byzantine churches decay in the recesses of mountain forests, classic columns are outlined against a crystalline sea, fretted and latticed Turkish houses are crowded within Venetian ramparts between minaretted Gothic churches.

Mr. Balfour has mastered the history of the island, complete with astonishing anecdotes, learnt its legends and acquainted himself with the fine-flavoured tales of earlier travellers. He has climbed its mountains, bathed in its waters, and talked to its inhabitants of every class, nationality and creed. The result is a well-informed, comprehensive picture of Cyprus related to its historical legacy and contemporary problems. If a certain incongruous disenchantment pervades the book, this is perhaps because the author has chosen his territory unwisely. Sceptical, accurate and detached, he is temperamentally out of sympathy with the extravagant legends and adventures which have gone to form the island's culture. He is as unimpressed by the ritualistic debauches of the devotees of Aphrodite as by the unreasoning piety which gave rise to the wealth of local Christian fairy-tale beliefs; only nature, more rational than human nature, engages his enthusiasm. He is at his best, however, when he can justifiably give rein to a gift for satirical writing: his account of a municipal election, mordantly vivid, hilarious as a Marx brothers film, is first-rate reporting.

Mr. Alan Ross does not aim at giving a comprehensive survey of the islands he visited, Ischia and Procida; his is a book of impressions, deliberately subjective. Yet by intuitive sympathy he sometimes gains a profounder insight than Mr. Balfour with his more direct, conscientious methods, as is shown in his grasp, for instance, of the circumscribed solidity of peasant marriage, his explanation of the southern Italian character, his perception that the old women of Ischia are "worn beauties, replete with a kind of timeless benediction." He too is most moved by nature, and with his unusually acute appreciation of colour and form he creates a dazzling mosaic picture of the Mediterranean scene. At times he achieves something more: a poet's vision synthesising the externals of the landscape with the rhythm of human life and the seasons, as in a striking passage describing the first sunless, wind-whipped autumn chill. That he is essentially a poet accounts, I think, both for the enchantment and limitations of the book: some of his descriptions, over-detailed and over-charged with imagery, read like notes for the poems that follow, in which, selecting from the same images, he achieves a firmer and more economical expression. The latter part of the book is made up of historical notes, a chapter on the medicinal waters of Ischia derived from the sixteenth-century treatise of a fancifully optimistic Neapolitan doctor, and extracts from the accounts of earlier travellers to the islands ranging from Strabo to Norman Douglas. This material, fascinating in itself, might have been incorporated into his own descriptions with advantage to a book which, while highly evocative, lacks co-ordination.
DOROTHY CARRINGTON

THROUGH RILKE TO HIS POETRY

Rainer Maria Rilke. By F. W. VAN HEERIKHUIZEN. *Routledge.* 25s.

Letters to Benvenuta. By RAINER MARIA RILKE. *Philosophical Library, New York.* $2.75.

Even the most faithful admirers of Rilke's work have some reason to be sceptical of new books bearing his name on their covers: not only of books about him, but of the seemingly endless trickle of posthumous additions to his own works. There comes a point where criticism and comment are more likely to blunt admiration than to sustain it; and when it is excusable to ask whether a writer's fame is not being abused by the publication of documents never intended to serve any but a private purpose.

In Rilke's case, the matter is complicated by the inability of all but a few commentators to separate his life from his work; even Mr. van Heerikhuizen's new contribution—certainly the best of its kind—is both a biography and a critical study. Because of the unusually subjective nature of Rilke's work and because of the growing interest in his person, it has become all the more necessary to enforce such a separation; without it, the legend will weigh down the verse: and Rilke's life was distinguished only by the needs and revulsions of a sensibility which can be fully appreciated in his works.

As far as the ambiguous approach permits, Mr. van Heerikhuizen's study is original and penetrating. Unlike his predecessors, he has taken great trouble to fill in the background; his first chapter, a description of the mental and social climate into which Rilke was born, lends depth to all the subsequent ones. Inevitably—because his book is partly biographical—he is concerned as much with Rilke's failings as with his achievement; inevitably, too, these failings are often defined in psychological (though not in psycho-analytical) terms:

> It was Rilke's tragedy that, like most poets of his generation, he was unable, on reaching adulthood, openly to assimilate those forces that were active in his age—intellect and will-power—into his cosmic picture. He thrust them aside; they belonged to the world of his father (in which he had failed) and to that of materialism (which he had learned to loathe). He therefore leaned exclusively to the purely irrational and contemplatively passive intuition of youth, which in him had reached so early and one-sided a development.

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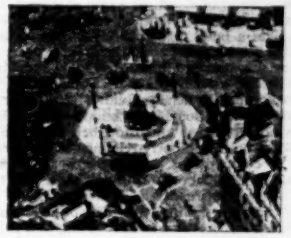

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Throughout his book, Mr. van Heerikhuizen points out Rilke's defects as a thinker:

> Rilke's whole view of history was governed by his emotions. How otherwise could he have reconciled his attachment to the traditions and forms of European culture with his aversion to Christianity? The aesthetic-intuitive basis of his method of approach is clearly shown in this.

Undoubtedly Rilke possessed such defects; but the need to dwell on them once again is due entirely to the method followed by Mr. van Heerikhuizen. Already in his opening chapter he makes it clear that in an age of specialisation the poet has no choice but to specialise; having established this truth, he should have spared the reader that rhythmical see-saw movement between artistic greatness and personal (or philosophical) inadequacy so depressingly characteristic of "critical biographies" of modern artists. The following statement, which occurs towards the end of the book, represents the highest ascent of the see-saw, just as the previous quotations represent the lowest descent:

> Hence *Malte Laurids Brigge*, *Duino Elegies* and *Sonnets to Orpheus* together form a modern *Divina Commedia*.

They do not; for if Mr. van Heerikhuizen has succeeded in proving one thing, it is that there can be no Dante in our time. There are more accurate ways of saying that these works are great in spite—and because—of their author's exclusiveness.

The book has been well translated from the Dutch by Mr. Fernand G. Renier and Miss Anne Cliff; but is a great pity that so many of the poems by Rilke quoted in the text have not been adequately translated into English. A rough paraphrase divided into lines—as supplied by the present translators—is not a substitute for an English version, especially in the context of technical analysis (though Mr. van Heerikhuizen too rarely provides such analysis) or of praise rightly bestowed on the originals. It is only where versions by very skilful translators, especially Mr. J. B. Leishman, were available that no discrepancy disturbs the reader, whatever the context. In fairness to the present translators it must be mentioned that it was not their intention to produce more than line by line versions of the poems and that, in certain cases, the German text has been appended in footnotes; but the fact remains that these versions seriously detract from the pleasure which might otherwise be derived from Mr van Heerikhuizen's book.

Letters to Benvenuta, a supplement to the earlier *Rilke and Benvenuta*, falls into the category of those posthumous Rilke publications which cater for the morbidly curious and the sentimentally idolatrous. This little volume is well produced and padded with three magniloquent prefaces, by Mr. Louis Untermeyer, Mr. Rudolf von Jouanne and Benvenuta (Mrs. Magda von Hattingberg) respectively; but it cannot fail to antagonise anyone who respects the unfortunate author. Needless to say, these letters contain many fine and revealing passages. It is all the more painful to follow Rilke's efforts to enter into a love affair while keeping an eye on the exit; for that, to put it crudely, is what readers are called upon to "accept in gratitude and reverence, to strengthen the all but extinct power of the heart, a power that ever exalts us to the stars, far beyond the present, time out of mind" (from Mr. Rudolf von Jouanne's preface). A little more crudeness or a little more delicacy in those responsible would have prevented the publication of these embarrassing letters.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

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Chrysanthemums for All. By F. W. ALLERTON *Faber.* 6*s.* 6*d.*

In Your Garden. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

The Rose in Britain. By N. P. HARVEY. *Plant Protection.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

The Joyful Garden. By AGNES ROTHERY. *Melrose.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Christmas shopping is over. A conclusion has been reached, for better or worse, on what book to add to the stainless steel trowel and the raffia for the aunts at Minchinhampton. Now for the more pleasurable job of spending one's own tokens. This review is for practical gardeners who want some new notions before they begin serious work in March.

The gardener, cook or rock-climber who likes a book that tells him what to do next asks certain requirements of its publisher. It must be well bound, and the cover tough and reasonably dark; otherwise it will not stand the strain of a spell on the compost heap or the Esse or Great Gable. He also likes a book that is cheap enough to be replaceable if it becomes a casualty from exposure. Judged by this standard, both Mrs. Field and Mr. Allerton know what is wanted. Both write for use ("make your mulch as follows"), but Mrs. Field does so with some distinction because she enjoys windowboxes as much for their follies and their impact on neighbourly relations as for their success in competitions. "There was once a court case of a neighbour's drip driving a man to drink." This is primarily a Londoner's book; it is full of hints for dealing with that special brand of grime; but wherever you have a sill, you can, if you want to, learn from it to grow your own salad ornamentally and in a fortnight. The section on the "difficult but fascinating" art of indoor gardening greatly increases the number of gardeners concerned, for it ranges far beyond one's ordinary ambitions with bulbs and fibre. By indoor gardening is meant the art of producing greenhouse treats in a bed-sitter—pelargoniums, amaryllis and even orchids. There are also tips on how to make the shop azalea and cyclamen last a good month longer than yours did last year.

Mr. Allerton covers a narrower field. Chrysanthemums are notoriously the easiest flowers to grow for profit, or for enormous and exotic results that keep the neighbours busy exclaiming and make beginners look like growers for show. He is the editor of *The Chrysanthemum*, and lectures to Chrysanthemum Societies, so that he knows what triers want to know. He is up to date with the latest potions for pests, and with the help of Messrs. Faber and some first-class diagrams, does his job at a price that will not daunt even people with room for only three or four plants.

Mr. Harvey and Miss Sackville-West write chiefly for indoor use—he with his impeccable white binding and she with her useful list of nurserymen for which a pen and a stamp, and not a trowel, are the primary tools. The rose book has not much to tell a member of the Rose Society (except that it is the last word on fighting pests), but it is an ornament to the bookshelf of any general gardener on account of its good glossary and its set of two dozen of the best coloured flower photographs yet produced by any British publisher. Messrs. Adprint, the photographers, are greatly to be congratulated on the experiments which led to this brilliant result.

Sunday after Sunday, Miss Sackville-West contrives in the *Observer* to tell one what to plant, and what it will look like, without any lapse into the cataloguer's jargon. "Please do try some of these plants you may never have heard of" (a phrase which she quotes with approval from an Irish seedsman's catalogue) is her pleasant brand of encouragement to be dashing, and she has points to give even Mrs. Field, who had not thought of potting a yellow winter jasmine for a frost-free life in the corner of the hall. Miss Sackville-West says that she agreed only "with some reluctance" to printing her weekly notes as a book. She need not have hesitated if only she had added an index. Given this boon, everyone would have blessed her for enabling them to recover the idea that he or she forgot to cut out at the time. Without it, the plant's name is recaptured only to be lost again because, rustle as one may, it does not seem to be where it once was towards the bottom of a right-hand page.

Mrs. Rothery's book, first published in 1927, has lately run through four editions in the United States, and is a sure find, alongside a *Bedside Treasury*, in the New England spare room of any of Helen Hokinson's ladies. She dabbles in extraneous information about gardens through the centuries and all round the world, but she gives it so archly (she does not sow seeds, but "sends seed invitations") that she was not even on my list of Christmas possibles for Minchinhampton.

ELIZABETH MONROE

OTHER LONDON

The East End of London. By MILLICENT ROSE. *Cresset Press.* 31*s.* 6*d.*

Anyone who comes up out of the railway at Aldgate and starts walking east, will find himself very soon overtaken with a strong sense of the East End. That sense may not be so easy to pin down. Partly, it comes from absence. There aren't the familiar round-the-corner contrasts of London; incomes may vary considerably, accents differ, but not with the same hard-and-fast distinction. All backs and no fronts: the voice residential hasn't sailed in. Then, more positively, one responds to the jumble of trades and races, of big manufacturies and little people, of wide skies over mean rows. In the world's largest port every whiff will be met with except that of the sea. Does it, this other London, enliven or depress? Has the new wage packet done more than lift the fogs off a grim Victorian honesty of purpose, with some bombs and improvements dropped in since? How many of the inhabitants are glad to be living here and nowhere else? Whatever our conclusions, and however brief our visit, an entity will have been glimpsed; and to help define that entity, we could not do better than study Miss Millicent Rose, in whom the East End has found a rarely devoted chronicler.

Geographically, her East End is contained by the boroughs of Stepney, Poplar, Bethnal Green,

and Hackney. But the boundaries are not rigid. Miss Rose steps over them to take in De Beauvoir town (after all, only across the road), and leaves out the Tower because—as she says—it would involve the whole London history. Her material proved to be almost embarrassingly rich. To name merely a few items, which remain uppermost in my memory after turning the last page, there are Hawksmoor's three churches, especially St. Anne's, Limehouse, and its suggestion of "a very large ship coming towards [us], under an easy sail, with a flag flying at her main-top"; the eighteenth-century concerts of Preleur, composer of much incidental music and a revivable interlude, *Baucis and Philemon*; the building (by Brunel) of the Rotherhithe Tunnel, which remained for eight years half-finished and enclosed popular exhibitions of paintings; Well Close Square, once a favourite residence with sea captains and elegant as the more famous Bloomsbury; Garrick's first season at the Alie Street Theatre, which made him famous and drew all the coaches away from Covent Garden and Drury Lane; the Ratcliff Highway; dockland; the novels of Israel Zangwill and (for an absurd counterpart) Sir Walter Besant; James Greenwood's description of the Whitechapel sugar bakery in which, as in some icicled cavern, the workmen laboured at the moulds almost naked and encrusted with sugar; the old hand weavers and the new nails-and-glue cabinet-makers; Victoria Park and the ultimately degraded Lea and the view of Greenwich from Island Gardens, Cubitt Town; and a fair measure of sportsmen, reformers, cards, criminals, and eccentrics. Among the last I enjoyed especially meeting that misanthropic old man of Hackney who, disappointed in love, "indulged a singular partiality for rats," and was frequently to be seen dancing in their midst.

Miss Rose, in fact, will catch the interest of any reader for whom London remains a perpetual source of wonder, fascination, and dismay. Her book is not quite a history, though it advances (with some side- and back-stepping) from the earliest days of marsh and flood to the onset of uniformity. Buildings, social habits, arts, oddities, and the pressures of economic living seem to stimulate her equally. If she dwells with cool intimacy on the Dutch houses in Cremer St. cut across by the railway, or on Cibber's Peter and Paul relegated with their "inexplicable frenzy" to a Danish seaman's Church in Pennyfields, she can be also—a trifle consciously, perhaps—at home in the second house of the Queen's music-hall. *The East End of London* is as well-informed as it is well-written, and its new knowledge will keep me, for one, digesting a long while. I hope, by the way, that Miss Rose's excess of material will provide a supplementary volume.

G. W. STONIER

SHORTER REVIEWS

A Window on a Hill. By RICHARD CHURCH. Illustrated by C. W. BACON. *Robert Hale.* 15*s.*

A collection of essays and country pieces, the unifying theme being the poet's love of the countryside, notably of Kent. There emerges, as one reads, a pattern which might not be apparent to the reader who received them one by one, in the *Spectator* or other periodical where they first appeared. It is a pattern familiar in a poet's life: withdrawal and return. Mr. Church sallies forth from his high oast above the Weald, as from a tower. He goes to work in London or Paris, to play in Italy, but his reflections on these alien places become clear and valid only when he is back in his room. Nor does he need to go so far for the matter of the thoughts he expresses in a poet's prose, at once economical and coloured: a bonfire of farm rubbish, the antics of bluetits and yaffles, the domestic economy of a hedger and ditcher are all he needs. He takes his moods from weather and scene, but beneath them is a unifying one of almost devout thankfulness.

In reading *A Window on a Hill* one thinks of Izaac Walton and Gilbert White: if their modern successor is less simply curious, more self-conscious and introspective than they were, it is not the writer but his time which is to blame: they escaped from themselves into the country world; Richard Church escapes the world into the country and himself.

Blake's Jerusalem. A facsimile of the illuminated book, with a commentary by Joseph Wicksteed. *Trianon Press.*

Blake's *Jerusalem* has hitherto been available only in uncoloured facsimile. Only one copy was made in colour by Blake (now the property of Colonel William Stirling of Keir), one of the most beautiful books in existence. It was printed by Blake in brown ink in his own special process (recently discovered and described by Ruthven Todd and the engraver William Hayter), and afterwards illuminated in water-colours and gold. Blake found that he could not produce this book for less than twenty guineas, and wrote "it is not likely I shall get a customer for it." The facsimile which the Trianon Press has made for the William Blake Trust in an edition of 250 copies, costs in fact thirty guineas, but the quality of the reproduction could scarcely be more perfect. The paper has been specially manufactured to resemble that used by Blake, and the plates have been reproduced by a method which combines collotype printing with water colours applied by hand through stencils. The William Blake Trust has also completed reproductions of a number of Blake's water-colours, and proposes, from time to time, to issue facsimiles of *The Songs of Innocence*, and others of Blake's works.

Grammar Without Tears. By HUGH SYKES DAVIES. *Bodley Head.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

"The point, in fact, of grammatical study is not to understand grammar, but to change it—and to change it for the better." With this echo of Marx, Mr. Davies, an academic grammarian, introduces a book which, on its negative side, is an attack on academic grammar. In his advocacy of a grammar which is clear, simple, logical, and easy to remember Mr. Davies consistently and forcibly champions the vulgar speech and in particular opposes the tradition of constructing English grammar from the rules governing Latin. His illustrations of the difficulty of doing this, and of the lack both of logic and of effectiveness which characterises the results, are conveyed with point and with the reality rather than the display of learning. The book as a whole interestingly communicates a point of view which, if not startlingly new, is at any rate something of a novelty in University teaching. Highly educated people to whom the speaking and writing of English is an easy incidental of work and pleasure will find that it grates upon their privileged prejudices; those made anxious by their inadequacy—a class headed by professional writers—will enjoy a book which is fundamentally on their side. In the circumstances a faintly self-conscious "popular" note which sounds occasionally in Mr. Davies's pages, is gratuitous.

East and West. By F. T. CHENG. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

Mr. Cheng must be both an interesting and a vital personality. Poor boy, scholar, Hong Kong merchant, student in London, lawyer—he was the first Chinese ever to take an LL.D.—Vice-Minister of Justice in Nanking, judge of the International Court at The Hague, Chinese Nationalist ambassador in London, the career tells us of his imagination, industry and courage. How disappointing that he should here conduct us about the Madame Tussauds of conventional memoirs, the stiff figures and their formal poses, obeisance, joyful greeting, royal condescension, affability, the group arranged for an "amusing incident," or for a "what a small world" encounter. There are some vivid childhood scenes—Mr. Cheng sailing with his family from Macao to escape the plague, or haggling with early English landladies in Gower Street—but these are few. And there are hints of what Mr. Cheng might have told us. A passing reference to the export business, in which he was a partner, in human hair, bristles, rice, and fireworks shoots away in the imagination like an exported rocket over Battersea. But Mr. Cheng, with a bow, a quotation, apt as ever, from the Vicar of Wakefield, only evades our curiosity, and withdraws into diplomatic full-dress.

Company Meeting

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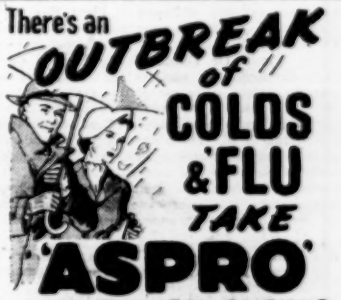
A SATISFACTORY YEAR'S PROGRESS

THE Annual Meeting of Harrisons & Crosfield, Ltd., was held on the 18th December. Mr. H. Eric Miller, the Chairman, reported an increase in group trading profit from £1,229,232 to £1,571,344. The net profit increased from £457,550 to £625,712. Group Reserves now stand at £2,666,420. The final dividend is 22½% on the Deferred Ordinary Stock, making 30% for the year, which represents less than 5% on such Stock plus Reserves.

Reviewing the Tea Industry, he said: The amount that comes forward for sale in the London Auctions largely depends on how London prices compare with those in Calcutta and Colombo. To secure sufficient supplies for this country it is evident that primary wholesalers will have to buy heavily in Eastern markets, but the retail price control in the U.K. may make it impracticable for them to purchase their full requirements in competition with buyers from other markets.

The policy of the U.S.A. Government continues to be the dominating factor in the Rubber Market, and I look forward hopefully to the time when American manufacturers and consumers alike will be allowed to make greater use of this wonderful material. In my opinion, both natural and synthetic have ample scope to progress side by side. There have been marked advances in technique of production and utilisation of synthetics, but scientists at work on behalf of natural rubber are making headway, too.

The report was adopted.



Outbreaks of colds and 'flu are reported from all over the country. Probably the wet and rainless summer is to blame. Lack of sunshine, lowered resistance — have made everyone doubly vulnerable. Get quick action and safe action directly a cold shows up by taking two 'ASPRO' tablets at the first signs and follow this up with a further two tablets every two hours if necessary. If the cold has really got a hold go to bed and take two or three tablets with a hot drink. Thoroughly covered up in bed you will get the full benefit of the anti-pyretic (fever-reducing) properties of 'ASPRO'.

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For the rest the book consists of reflections—on Chinese thought, and the Chinese educational system of fifty years ago, and on Anglo-Chinese friendship today. The latter, embodied in a thudding salvo of old speeches at the end of the book, are certainly sincere, but vague, dated, too pious, embarrassingly currented with humorous sallies. There is no mention of Communist China, and Chiang Kai-Shek is no more than referred to. So it is for the scattered pages on Confucian teaching, on "The Great Learning," and on Mencius that we must be grateful—a serious and scholarly attempt to shed light on an attitude of mind, a way of life, a four-thousand-year-old tradition.

The Electric Current. By P. DUNSHEATH. *Bell.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

This is the outcome of the series of Christmas lectures which Dr. Dunsheath gave to a young audience at the Royal Institution. Although the book is thus formally addressed to young people there is nothing in its tone to offend the dignity of adults. Broadly speaking, the subject-matter is the same as covered in the science Sixth at school: but there is no mathematics and the main emphasis is on application—the author is an electrical engineer, not a physicist. The earlier chapters serve to introduce the fundamental ideas: three are concerned with effects accompanying the passage of electric currents through metals and liquids and in vacuum tubes such as radio valves or television cathode-ray tubes, a fourth deals with the magnetic effects of electric currents, and a fifth with their generation by motion in a magnetic field. This principle is widely applied in the dynamo, and what engineers call the alternator. From this follow logically the chapters on power stations, transformers for changing the voltage, and the national grid network. Finally Dr. Dunsheath explains how simple domestic appliances, such as the refrigerator and vacuum cleaner, make use of this electrical energy. He is not, however, concerned with any but the most elementary principles of radio, or indeed with electronic engineering at all. *The Electric Current* should make an interesting and useful supplement to more academic study of electricity and magnetism in school. It is lucidly written and well illustrated with photographs and diagrams: it is unfortunate, however, that several sketches of apparatus are unnecessarily crude.

A History of the Calico Printing Industry of Great Britain. By GEOFFREY TURNBULL. *Sherratt.* 42*s.*

The textile printing trade merited an up-to-date historical survey—for two reasons. First, most of the nineteenth-century literature dealing with an industry built up by the combined efforts of artists, scientists and engineers, is now difficult of access for the general reader. Secondly, to the student of economic history the "finishing" sectors of the cotton trade are of particular interest in that it was here that the classical problem of capitalist over-production took shape, towards the end of last century, in its sharpest form, involving efforts at rationalisation and price stabilisation whose success is still very much in the balance.

In this exhaustive and fully documented account the late Mr. Geoffrey Turnbull covered not merely the historical development of textile printing, together with the associated crafts of bleaching and dyeing, but brought an informed and critical judgment to bear on the various forms of capital and technical reorganisation adopted during the past fifty years—a period in which the overseas markets for the British industry's products have steadily declined. Including, as it does, a full account of labour conditions and trade union organisation in cotton finishing, and a wealth of statistical material relating to prices and wages, this is a most valuable source book for all students of the cotton industry, whose technique was so revolutionised by the almost simultaneous discoveries, by Thomas Bell in Scotland, and Oberkampf in France, of the method of printing calicoes by means of cylinders 170 years ago.

British Trains, Past and Present. By O. S. NOCK. *Batsford.* 16*s.*

Much of this book can be likened to a Mystery Tour whose destination is kept secret from the passengers. Through chapters on the Early Days, on the Age of Railway Pre-eminence, on the Branches and By-ways, we ramble pleasantly enough down the main line of history with Mr. Nock's expert hand on the regulator. There, as we pass the locomotive sheds of successive decades, stand the old friends of bygone days lined up for our inspection: Burys, North Stars, Jenny Linds, Bloomers, Cauliflowers, Jumbos. There, glimpsed in their shrines of massive mahogany, are the great engine designers of the nineteenth century—the solid, solemn breeders of iron horses like Crampton, Webb, Stroudley, Johnson; and, seemingly so different from his kind, the whimsical Patrick Stirling of "8-foot Single" fame who, in his contempt for coupled engines, compared them to "a laddie runnin' wi' his breeks doun." Sweeping past us on the other track come the crack expresses of yesterday: the Zulu, the Jubilee, the Afghan, the Corridor.

These are familiar miles. We have travelled them before, though perhaps with less affectionate drivers. And we are beginning to wonder whether (despite excellent and unusual illustrations) this particular Tour has been sufficiently exciting in its novelty, when Mr. Nock suddenly reveals the destination he has chosen. In his last chapter he gives a fascinating exposition of the factors which have governed the development of express passenger engines in recent times; of the difficulties which the limitations of the loading-gauge increasingly place on originality; of the details of design now, accordingly, so vital in securing added efficiency; of the modern research equipment—static and mobile—which is playing so important a part behind the scenes in measuring locomotive performance.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,140

Set by R. K. Buchanan

Dorothy Parker, introducing Thurber's *The Seal in the Bedroom*, recalls a snatch of conversation overheard in a London bus. "Mad, I don't say. Queer, I grant you. Many's the time I've seen her nude at the piano." Readers are invited to contribute, in not more than 150 words, a plausible setting for this strange fragment of biography.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,137

Set by G. de Vavasour

Competitors are invited to submit a phrase of greeting, followed by a verse (from 4 to 8 lines), both designed for a Christmas card to be sent in friendly spirit to one of the following: an anthropologist, a professional hermit, a confirmed Christmas-detester or a malthusian.

Report by G. de Vavasour

The poetry of the Greetings Card has a special innocence of its own which not all competitors found easy to assume. But even more important was the attitude. "Friendly" was here the significant word; the idea being a card sent as from one recluse or rational scientist to another. We could not but be shocked by those rude celebrants whose idea of greeting was an abusive injunction to cast off the Scrooge and join the fun. What hermit, we should like to know, would harbour such detestable chums? A quiet Tuesday, we hope, was passed by these as well as by all who suffer from what P.M. termed *santaclaustrophobia*. To those who feel capable of accepting it we pass on for next time the fearful suggestion of L.E.

May the Single-legged Race,
Night prowlers once a year
(A stocking's all the evidence)
Bring anthropological cheer . . .

Others may prefer Pat Bullen's wish that ravens be our only callers. A useful selection for next year is given below, a guinea being awarded to each of the first four printed, and 10*s.* 6*d.* each to the next. Honorable mentions go to Alastor, Pat Bullen, Hassall Pitman, J.F., P.M., C.W., D. R. Peddy and Rani Sinha.

TO A MALTHUSIAN

Wishing you a Rational Christmas and a
Continent New Year—
In the Game of Life may you ever be able to
cry Checkmate!

May this tide of festive mirth
Lead to no unwanted birth.
Be that arch-deceiver, sex,
Thwarted by prudential checks.
Voluntary childlessness
Thee and thine (if any) bless.

ARISTOTLE

FOR A XMAS-DETESTER

Restrained Good Wishes for the late-December Hols!
Whilst carefully avoiding (no
Robins pecking in the snow
Or "God rest you merry") the
Seasonal hysteria,
I hope you won't mild pleasure lack
On your short mid-winter vac!

EDWARD BLISHEN

To wish you well at the winter solstice

Knowing the thought of Christmas makes you sick
(For reasons spiritual or dietetic)
I ask forgiveness if I drop a brick
In sending you this comradely emetic.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

"Christmas Cheatings!"

'Mid the blessings of the season,
Gifts defying Art and Reason—
Endless, pointless visitations
Of least favourite relations—
Orgies, at the groaning board.
You won't digest, and can't afford—
Think of this, and be of cheer
"Christmas comes but once a year."

FRANCIS KRUSIN

TO A PROFESSIONAL HERMIT

May this restive season allow you a Trappist Christmas
While others, freed from office or from nursery,
With shouts of revelry infect the air,
I wish you, on this dubious anniversary,
Success at patience and at solitaire.

LESLIE JOHNSON

May you have a celestial Christmas!
Although you may not leave your cell to spend
A Christmas at the fire-side of a friend,
Yet know from this that one such friend, will dwell
In thought and spirit with you in your cell.

G. J. BLUNDELL

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TO A MALTHUSIAN

Wishing You a Sterile Christmas and a Barren New Year

May Heaven this Christmas find it good
To cure our economic sins,
And, multiplying stocks of food,
Cut down on triplets, quads and quins.

ALLAN M. LAING

FOR A CONFIRMED CHRISTMAS-DETESTER

Wishing you the briefest of Festive Seasons and A Speedy Return to Normal Conditions.

Yule is here, yet do not sorrow,
Not for long shall yours abide;
"Here to-day and gone to-morrow"
Well describes your Christmas-tide.
Long ere Twelfth Night, you I know,
Cry "DOWN with Bays and Mistletoe!"

NANCY GUNTER

CHESS : That Monster Again

No. 117

I have been taken to task for being beastly to the nigh-speed digitals of the electronic chess computer, I have learned that the Manchester monster can calculate the cosine of an angle to twelve significant figures in less than a tenth of a second, and it was suggested that "it would probably take Assiac several hours to check the result by hand." Several hours indeed! It would take me years, and even then I would get it all wrong. Having thus slighted the monster's mathematical genius my apologies should be all the more humble since one of my friendly correspondents informs me that the monster-mathematician has been playing chess for a few weeks only, and as a very minor hobby; it was suggested that "even Assiac might agree that its performance is passably good for a mere beginner." I do agree, but now let us look at the performance of another beginner, one Samuel Reshevsky. He was eight years old when he played this game simultaneously with 19 others. (Little Sammy was White.)

(1)	P-KB4	P-K3	(9) Kt-Q2	Kt-Q2
(2)	Kt-KB3	P-Q4	(10) P-B4	P-QKt3
(3)	P-KKt3	Kt-KB3	(11) P-QKt4	P-B3?
(4)	B-Kt2	B-Q3	(12) Kt x P!	Kt x Kt
(5)	P-Q4	Kt-B3	(13) P x P	P x P
(6)	Kt-K5	Kt-K2	(14) B x P	B-Kt2
(7)	B-K3	P-B3	(15) Q-B2!	QR-B1?
(8)	P-QR3	P-KR3?	(16) Q-Kt6 ch, etc.	

No space here for notes (which can be found in that highly instructive book "Reshevsky on Chess," Pitman 1951). But speaking of beginners, here is a game won by another, one Paul Morphy, aged 14.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(14) Kt-K5	Kt x Kt
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(15) Q x B?	Q-Kt4!
(3)	B-B4	B-B4	(16) K-R1	B-K5
(4)	P-QKt4	B x KtP	(17) P-B3	B x P!
(5)	P-QB3	B-R4	(18) P x B	Q-Kt6
(6)	0-0	Kt-B3	(19) Kt-Q2	Kt-KB4
(7)	P-Q4	0-0	(20) QR-K1	Q x RP ch
(8)	P x P	KKt x P	(21) K-Kt1	KR-K1!
(9)	B-R3	P-Q3	(22) R-R2	Q-Kt6 ch
(10)	P x P	Kt x QP	(23) K-B1	Kt-Q6
(11)	B-Kt3	B-KKt5	(24) R x R ch	R x R
(12)	P-R3	B-R4	(25) B x P ch	K-R1!
(13)	Q-Q5	B-KKt3	(26) Resigns.	

With due respect for the monster's amazing prowess in calculating the cosine of an angle I presume it would have fallen headlong for the pathetic little swindle which young Paul contemptuously brushed aside on his 25 move.

A : Duras

In this week's competition I am not sure if A is a study or an actual game position. At any rate it is a mate in 5, very pretty, though simple enough to be rather over-rated with 5 ladder-points. The monster-mathematician, even when out of the duffer-class in Chess, would probably find it quite difficult; but as for B and C—both wins for White and by no means over-rated with 7 points each—they would probably take the high-speed digitals almost as long as some of us might need to calculate the cosine of an angle to a nicery.

B : Holm

C : Rinck

Usual prizes. Entries by January 7.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set December 8

A : (1) P queens, P queens, (2) Q-Kt8, Q-R7, (3) Q-K8, Q-R5, (4) Q-K5 ch, K-R1, (5) Q-R8 ch, etc.
B : (1) Kt-Q5, K-Q5, (2) P queens, P queens, (3) Q-Kt6 ch, K-K4 (4) Kt-K3, etc.
If (1) . . . K x Kt, (2) P queens, P queens, (3) Q-Q6, etc.
C : White could have won by (7) P-Q5, R-R4 ch, (8) K-B4, R-R5 ch, (9) K-Kt3, R-R6 ch, (10) K-B2, R-B6 ch, (11) K-Kt2, etc.

Many competitors dropped a point or two by overlooking some of the subtleties of A, such as the refutation of (2) Q-K8 by Q-Kt2, and of Q-B8 by Q-R6. Its author, incidentally, was spotted as D. Joseph (B.C.M. 1922) by D. E. Cohen, A. J. Roycroft, F. R. Oliver and R. Chandra. The latter two share the prizes with Hugh Courtney and J. R. Harman. Too many other correct solutions to mention them all; let me use the remaining space to reciprocate most sincerely a good many kind wishes, seasonal and otherwise, that have reached me from competitors as well as from readers who gladly admit, rather than enter the arena themselves, they prefer to sit in the audience, quietly waiting for the results achieved by the sweat of other peoples' brows.

ASSIAC

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

APPLICATIONS invited by Y.W.C.A. for post of Senior Leader for Sheffield Central Club. Membership 1,200, mainly business and professional girls. Candidates should have experience of informal adult education, particularly religious and international. Post may be resident or non-resident. Apply by letter: Training & Personnel Sec., Y.W.C.A., 108 Baker St., W.1.

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SECRETARY, part-time, required by Jewish Society. Able to organise lectures & cultural programme. Box 7547.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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P.S. Harold Ingham congratulates the fortunate ones who secured places in his ski parties this month. To any who missed the buses he offers his condolences and hopes that, nevertheless, they enjoy a Continental New Year.

P.P.S. Still a few vacancies in February and at Easter! New Year Resolution? Write to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

SCHOOLS

HILL House, Steeple Claydon, nr. Bletchley, Bucks, home boarding school, co-ed., 2-12. Fees £40 term. Good acad. results. Children/parents welcome in holidays. Mrs I. E. M. Winter, B.A.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 days, 5 & 8. The Great Adventure. Wed. next & Evs. 7. Thieves Carnival. Mats. Sat. (nearly).

UNITY. Eus. 5391. Political pantomime "Mother Goose." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mems. only.

EVERYMAN. Hsm 1525. Until Dec. 30: "Plus de Vacances Pour le Bon Dieu" (A). From Dec. 31: Cocteau's "La Belle et la Bête" (A), "Instruments of the Orchestra" (U).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Dec. 30, 7.30, "Of Mice and Men" (A.)

NEW Era Film Club. "Danube-Black Sea Canal." "Listen to Britain" (Jennings). "Council of the Gods" (Kurt Maetzig, East German, 1950), cartels & combines exposed, music by Hanns Eisler. Islington Town Hall, Fri., Jan. 4, 7.15. Mems. 2s. Guests 2s. 6d. Details, tickets & membship., A. Miller, 166 High Rd., N.15.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. The B.B.C. presents Winter Series. January 7 to 19: Nightly at 7.30 (Sunday excepted). The programmes will feature Brahms and Berlioz. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent (Jan. 7-11, 15-19). Basil Cameron (Jan. 12 & 14). Tickets: Res. 7s., 5s., 3s. 6d.; and Prospectus from Hall (Ken. 8212) and Agents. Seasons (Prom.): 12s. from Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s., at doors only.

ROBERT Crawford String Quartet No. 1, Op. 4. 1st Perf. Aeolian String Quartet. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. December 28 at 8 p.m.

"SZILVESZTER" (New Year's Eve) Carnival Dance for members and friends, 8-12.30 p.m. Programme, raffles, spot prizes, Dancing to the Swing Serenaders. Hungarian Club, 35 Pembridge Square, W.2.

NEW Year's Eve Social & Dance, Lon. Cent. Br. W.E.A., Art Workers' Guild Hall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. Dec. 31, 7.30-12. 3s. 6d.

NIGERIA Union. Grand Dance, Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1952, Seymour Hall, 7.30-1.30 p.m. Ron Somers and Campbell's West African Rhythm Band. Tickets at door: Singles 7s. 6d. each, doubles 12s. 6d. each.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints, full range on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Illus. Catalogue 6d. post free.

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"YOUNG Sculptors," I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Jan. 3 & dly., 10-6. Suns. 2-6.

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. 80 Works by Josef Schwarzmann. Until December 30. Mon.-Thur., 10-5. Fri. 10-3. Sundays 2-5.

GIMPEL Fils, 56 South Molton St., W.1. Christmas Exhibition—Illuminations by Dom Robert; Pottery by James Tower; Aspy Reproductions and Ascher Squares.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. New Paintings by Frances Hynes. Second Exhibn. of Paintings by B. Box. Aquarelles by Philippe Jullian. Until Jan. 12.

FOUR Contemporary Painters. Creffield, Holden, Mead, Richmond. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. 10-5. Sat. 10-1. Closing January 4.

INDIA Exhibition House, 28 Cockspur Street, S.W.1. Displays of Indian Arts & Crafts, Industrial Products, Natural resources, etc. Mon.-Fri., 9.30 to 5, Sats. 9.30 to 1. Admission free.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: British Medicine and the Continent, 1600-1850. Open daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

STRASBOURG 1951: Brains Trust, with Patrick Gordon-Walker, Geoffrey de Freitas and other Labour Delegates to Strasbourg Assembly. Jan. 10, 7.30 p.m., Caxton Hall. Tickets 1s. 6d. (members of I.B. and C.L.F. 1s.) from Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

ALL Nations Social Club, "Germany's Place in Europe," by Richard Clements, O.B.E., M.P. Thurs., Jan. 3, 8 p.m. Questions, dis-cn. Gt. Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (Behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-mems. 1s. 6d. at door.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Dec. 30: New Year Resolutions.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. January 5 at 6 p.m. M. Fernand Calvet: "Le Languedoc ses coutumes, sa cuisine." (Avec projections.)

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Mexico's Modern Artists." Illustrated lecture by Betty Ross (author of "The Art of Mexico"). Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNITED Nations Student Association: Annual General Conference, January 4-6, 1952, Lounge, Imperial College, Kensington. Speakers: Friday 8 p.m. Donald Maclaughlin. Saturday, 8 p.m. Chief Serette Khama. Delegates, observers free. Public 1s. / Inquiries: Sec., 25 Charles St., W.1.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Dec. 30: A. D. Howell Smith, "The Bible in the Light of Modern Knowledge." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conwall Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 1, S. K. Ratcliffe. "The Literary Horizon." Adm. free.

M. L. Burnet, "Oughts and Wants." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Dec. 30, at 11 a.m.

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